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EDITORIAL COMMENTS

The Pope on the "Amazing Duel"

ONLY by realizing that the world-war against justice, goodness and charity, which is raging so violently during this season of peace and good will is primarily the work of "the world-rulers of this darkness, the spirits of wickedness in regions above" and not due to secondary agents of "flesh and blood," can the modern Christian preserve his equanimity. For the devil is powerless outside the limits prescribed by Providence, and those limits can always be narrowed by prayer. God controls every storm that the unsinkable Barque of Peter encounters, and if its Pilot is rarely allowed the experience of calm seas and favouring winds, we cannot question the divine wisdom but must accommodate our attitude and outlook to its ordinances. That is why the imperturbable optimism of our Holy Father is so admirable and inspiring. Next month will see the close of seventeen years—may they be happily prolonged—of his wonderfully fruitful pontificate, years marked not only by striking and permanent success in the field of his supreme pastorate but also by formidable disasters to the Faith in many lands. Yet, old as Pope Pius is and infirm in health, he never ceases in the midst of a world's upheaval "to confirm his brethren." Two years ago he spoke his great mind to Cardinal Verdier, another indomitable optimist, in words which deserve constant remembering:

I thank God [he said] for letting me live in the present circumstances, in the midst of a crisis so universal, so deep and unique in the history of the Church. Anybody should be proud of being a witness of, and to a certain extent an actor in, this sublime drama, in which good and evil have come to grips in a gigantic duel. At the present hour no one has a right to take refuge in mediocrity, and I am certain that this formidable upheaval will see the Church emerging more resplendent and better adapted to modern needs.

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B

Response to the Crisis

THESE ringing words convey, we may say, our Holy Father's marching orders for the Church Militant and the spirit with which she should face her present fortunes. Rarely has the Catholic had a better opportunity than in the circumstances of the time to trade with the talent entrusted to him, to oppose the shield of faith to the fiery darts of an atheist society, and, with the sword of the spirit, to make a path for the word of God amid the babel of human doctrines. No Catholic living in the world can escape the poisonous atmosphere of the world. Nor should he necessarily desire to escape from it. His business is to purify that atmosphere as best he can—to be, in St. Paul's bold metaphor, "the fragrance of Christ" in his surroundings. Happily, that has been in the main the Catholic reaction in every country. Everywhere the laity is awake and sharing in the Apostolate, emulating the real if misguided zeal of those who have lost sight of God and are seeking their happiness on earth. The great "Youth Movements" in France, Belgium and Holland, uniting the young of all classes in the effort to Christianize all human relations, the young Catholic Workers, the Grail and the Legion of Mary in our midst, the League of Christ the King and kindred societies in Ireland are, like the Pope, only encouraged by the crisis of a Christianity, unknown and therefore abandoned by the world, and are proud to share in its restoration. And from America comes the stirring news that, to mark the Golden Jubilee of the Catholic University the hierarchy, under the direct stimulus of the Holy Father, have inaugurated an educational crusade for the teaching of Christian Democracy in all the Catholic schools of the States. This will affect more than 2½ million children and more than ten thousand educational establishments. Finally, the opening of the New Year will see consolidation and advance in the various diocesan plans for Catholic Action in this country which the bishops and their advisers have been preparing.

The Birth of a Social Sense

ALL this was practically unknown a generation ago when in England the Catholic Social Guild was putting up a lone fight for the growth of a social sense in the Catholic community, knowing that no nation can contribute to the international justice which is the preliminary to peace, so long

as it tolerates gross violations of justice and charity in its own domestic relations. Nothing has more impeded international harmony than the spread of an organization which attacks the very basis of Christian civilization, but root-and-branch Communism could have been suppressed at its birth if only the "workers of the world" had been given a fair deal by the employing classes and not seen their human rights and dignity subordinated to the machinery of money-making. Consequently, Catholic Action, in a belated attempt to set things right on the lines of "Quadragesimo Anno," has a colossal task before it. The Pope describes his Encyclical as concerned with "reconstructing the Social Order and perfecting it in accordance with the precepts of the Gospel," thus implying that the present social order is in some respects so distorted that it violates the divine law as taught by our Lord. The programmes for Catholic Action now being set on foot must in some way unite all the various elements of our social and industrial life—employers and employed, the working and the leisured classes, professional men and merchants—in a common effort to infuse justice and charity into all their relations and to subordinate merely personal interests to the common good.

Work for the Workless

THE most obvious blot on our present industrial system is the enforced idleness of so many for whom paid labour is the only source of livelihood and who in default of the opportunity for work must be supported by the rest of the community. Long ago, the late Archbishop Keating stated in *The Christian Democrat* (July, 1926) as an elementary principle of social ethics—"The poor must live and if private enterprise [production primarily for personal profit] cannot provide the worker with a living wage, it must clear out for another system that can." For years now the Government, hampered by the now traditional capitalist system, has failed to solve the unemployment problem: for many years upwards of 2 million people with their dependents have had to be kept alive by money taken from their more fortunate neighbours. Struck by the tragic paradox that *if only war had been declared last September* the State could have easily and speedily found employment at good pay for that hapless multitude, and that the Premier's successful peace-move plunged them back into despair, one of our weeklies, *The Catholic Herald*, asked why

a European war should be necessary to convince the Government that unemployment could be remedied. Why not call upon those idle millions here and now to volunteer to serve their country, and incidentally to save themselves, by engaging in whatever form of productive work that the Government thought necessary for the country's well-being? We are spending a million pounds a day in trying to make our land secure against aggression: that, doubtless, is one form of service, one means of providing employment. But there are many other ways in which the country's good can be furthered. Hitherto, vested interests of one kind or another have always prevented "public works" being successful, but the desperate character of the emergency should nerve the Government to sweep aside all obstacles of the sort, and settle once for all a problem which has been merely tinkered with ever since the War. After all, it is only common sense, and cannot be false economy, to pay men for working rather than for doing nothing. *The Catholic Herald* is much to be commended for keeping its "Work For All" project—it is not committed to any particular scheme—constantly before the public. We should not allow Germany or Italy to reproach us with inability to solve a problem which involves the very essence of good government and which they, in spite of their poverty, have successfully cleared up. *Démocratie oblige!*

The Fortunes of "Appeasement"

THE division of classes and parties and interests at home which so grievously impairs the influence of this ancient democracy abroad, is lamentably reflected in the persistent endeavour in Parliament and in the Press to hamper the Prime Minister in his campaign for peace-by-discussion and agreement. His task is difficult enough as it is, for three of the members of the Big Four Conference at Munich are not playing him fair. Herr Hitler, not content with criticizing democracy, which is fair game, has taken to criticizing prominent British democrats as men with whom it is difficult to deal: not indeed before these same politicians have criticized Herr Hitler in the same sense. But in addition he has chosen this moment to pursue à l'outrance his savage campaign against German Jewry, which has become in effect a campaign against humanity and Christian civilization. M. Daladier, on his part, although concluding a No-War pact with Germany in much more formal and explicit terms than that between Ger-

many and England, still gives active support to the communist cause in Spain and maintains his alliance with Soviet Russia—policies which tend to offset the pact with Germany. Signor Mussolini, moreover, irritated no doubt by France's refusal to recognize the truth with regard to the Spanish conflict, has allowed it to appear that Italy, sooner or later, may revive an ancient claim to the French Protectorate of Tunis. Thus the Premier's approaching visit to Rome seems almost as much a forlorn hope as was his original trip to Berchtesgaden. He needs, but, alas! he does not get, the support of a united people, convinced that peace through good will is the supreme good of humanity just as unrighteous war is its greatest evil. Animated by this conviction the Premier simply cannot see what interest there is, in the conflicting territorial and economic claims of the Great Powers, that is worth the frightful evil of a modern conflict, especially as the issue must needs be doubtful. It should be the conviction of all Governments which have been through the Great War. Presumably Italy and England will declare at Rome that there are no grounds of quarrel between them that justify appeal to arms, and that henceforth they will discuss and settle their differences peaceably. Already our *entente* with France amounts to the same thing, whilst Germany and Italy have sworn eternal friendship. Severally, therefore, the Big Four are all for Peace through discussion: why not jointly as well? In a sane world, ruled by reason and good will, this would be the immediate and logical result. But, in spite of pacts and protestations, the sad fact remains that these Powers are lacking in good will and mutual trust. And so they continue to spend their resources without limit in an endeavour, which is essentially futile, to attain relative equality of armed strength. They feel that the only way to obtain justice from their neighbour is to be strong enough to enforce it. Instead of saying—"Since we have decided not to wage war with one another, let us give up preparing for it"—the only apparent result of their mutual assurances is a greatly intensified competition in armaments.

Practice and Profession

EVEN the United States, which is fond of lecturing Europe on its foolish belligerency, has joined in the frenzied race, and, whereas it is the one country on earth which, owing to its position and to its size and resources is safe from

aggression, it is setting the extremely bad example of multiplying its armed forces. All this concentration on military might, however it may advantage an individual nation for a time, renders the peace of the world more and more precarious for it shows that none of the Great Powers puts regard for law above self-interest. After the revelations of the Senate Committee of 1935—1936, which denounced in plain terms the manifold malpractices of the American War Traders, one hesitates to conclude that the same "merchants of death" have again corruptly influenced the Government. Yet, as *America* (December 2nd) points out, the U.S. Government is projecting an immense increase of armed power against an unknown foe at a time when the States are at peace with the whole world, without the remotest menace of aggression to justify alarm. This strange behaviour considerably discounts the famous appeal which Mr. Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, addressed to the world on July 16th last year, on the subject of peace and world-recovery by means of military and economic disarmament, eliciting favourable answers from forty nations. Actions speak more clearly than words.

Catholics and the L. of N. Union

IT may well be that the intrusion of Russian Communism into the Peace Movement has impaired its force and obscured its aim just as the association of Atheist Russia with the League of Nations has destroyed whatever moral influence that body possessed. The League, anyhow, as a means of averting war and the causes of war, has ceased to exist, although its main conception, collective security—the strength of all for the defence of each—remains the only reasonable alternative to world anarchy. Furthermore, the British "League of Nations Union," founded as a means of advocating what is sound in the League of Nations, has followed that League into impotence for the same reason. It has unhappily gone "Left." The process began at Brussels in September, 1936, where there assembled, under communist auspices, a World Congress of organizations devoted to the cause of Peace.¹ This seemed to some of those responsible for the conduct of the L. of N. Union an admirable opportunity of consolidating and strengthening the world's hatred of war;

¹ See THE MONTH, November, 1937: "Comments on the International Peace Campaign."

others, better acquainted with the wiles of the Comintern, resisted any closer affiliation with so treacherous a body, and for a time they succeeded in keeping the Union free from contamination. But not for long, for soon the Union headquarters, through its paper *Headway*, began to show its sympathy with the Soviet cause in Spain and to take informal part in the various demonstrations of the International Peace Campaign throughout this country. As long ago as April, 1937, the Archbishop of Liverpool withdrew his support from the Union, and in that same month we wrote in these pages: "In no very long time it will be impossible for any self-respecting and intelligent Christian to retain membership of an organization so wrongly and unfairly biased." Since then the Union has gone from bad to worse. In accepting the Honorary Vice-Presidency of the Union in July, 1937, Mr. Chamberlain demanded that it should revert to its original political neutrality. His wishes have been consistently disregarded by the Union's officials, who have lately pushed partisanship to the extreme of helping to circulate by the million a pamphlet in support of Red Spain. Taxed at a meeting of the General Council of the Union, on December 9th, with propaganda in opposition to the Government's policy, Lord Cecil, the President, made the singularly futile defence that he did not consider that his connexion with the Union precluded his expressing his opinion on any political question. It is precisely *because* of his official connexion with the Union that he is in honour bound, *in that capacity*, to maintain the Union's profession of absolute political and religious neutrality, on the strength of which men of all parties and creeds have joined it.

Guidance for Catholics

A FEW days later the President learnt how one honourable man at least regards his perversion of the policy of the Union, for *The Times* for December 16th announced that Cardinal Hinsley, one of its Vice-Presidents, had resigned that office because he felt that "it has lost that essential all-party, non-political character which belonged to it in its first days," and because of its "close association with the International Peace Campaign," the communist character of which had been detected and denounced by Cardinal van Roey when, as mentioned above, it was inaugurated at Brussels in September, 1936. As the Bishop of Geneva remarked at the

opening of the seventeenth Assembly of the League of Nations, September 20, 1936: "It would indeed be a grim irony to pretend to desire peace and at the same time to compromise with those who seek the overthrow of authority, the destruction of social order, the annihilation of the very idea of God." It is because many professing Christians do not realize the uncompromising character of their Faith, and many politicians have not grasped the ultimate aims of atheistic Communism, that Lord Cecil imagines that one can collaborate with Communism and "get away with it," and that one can admit godless Russia to friendship without moral detriment. Anyhow, this decided action by the Cardinal gives Catholics the lead they have long desired. They cannot now without much circumspection associate themselves with the Union's activities, nor give it unconditional support. At the same time the programme¹ of the I.P.C. itself is, on the face of it, one that Catholics should uphold, as it does not go beyond the recommendations of Benedict XV, and we may hope that the L. of N. Union may presently grasp the truth enunciated above by Mgr. Besson, and seek for true peace on Christian principles.

The Fascist Bogy

THE leaflet against Catholic Spain mentioned above, which originates of course from the Red Embassy in London, speaks of "the Fascists" trying to starve Spanish children. Much, indeed, of the opposition to the Nationalists, in the bewildered British mind, never tolerant of qualifications and nuances, arises from the evil connotations of that unfortunate word. Nationalist Spain is Catholic, therefore Nationalist Spain is Fascist, because the Head of Catholicism comes from Fascist Italy. So runs the easy logic which convinces, not only the uneducated worker, but even Labour M.P.'s—there *is* a distinction—and others. Accordingly, Catholics should keep on insisting that their creed has no political colour and is averse, especially, to any political system which unduly infringes upon natural human liberties. General Franco's regime so far as it has yet taken shape, is undoubtedly not Parliamentary but corporative. Critics who do not know the difference between corporativism and absolutism had better cease to criticize until they have taken a course in "Quadragesimo Anno." As for Fascism, all must

¹ See *THE MONTH*, *loc. cit.*, p. 407.

be grateful for Father Brodrick's vigorous repudiation (in *The Tablet* for December 10, 1938) of an impudent claim advanced by some body in Milan on behalf of that man-made and ephemeral system to be the political expression of Catholicism in which our Faith must clothe itself, if it is to conquer the world. Rather must we conclude that in the present development of its German-borrowed racial theories, Fascism tends to fall foul of Catholic teaching and to become as heretical as is Nazi-ism. It was an earlier Mussolini who broached the ridiculous opinion that the Church might have remained an obscure Eastern sect if she had not been universalized and immortalized by contact with Imperial Rome. He is probably wiser now, for unlike many of his followers, he is a man who lives and learns. And we may add, he has in the Holy Father, someone at his elbow who can teach him.

The good fortune of Czechoslovakia

IN the wonderful designs of Providence the cruel dismemberment to which Czechoslovakia has been subjected, has resulted in the loss of much of her body but the regaining of her whole soul. Instead of being an unwieldy and unstable country under the sway of Freemasonry and riddled by Communism, forced to depend for existence in the face of hostile minorities on alliance with anti-God Russia and secularist France, it has become a compact Christian State, at peace internally and with its neighbours, with prospects of prosperity, strong enough to put down Communism and banish Freemasonry, and freed from the selfish policies of its former Allies. Hungary, too, its neighbour to the south, although plagued by a Nazi faction, has taken occasion of the recent Eucharistic Congress to make open profession of Christianity, and to suppress Freemasonry and secret societies, so that what the Chamberlain peace has accomplished in Central Europe has been in effect the restoration of religion. Yet there are political opponents who say he should have "saved" Czechoslovakia by exposing it to the immediate onset of Germany which, whatever the ultimate result, would certainly, to begin with, have destroyed its place among the nations. So true it is that there can be no sound judgment about secular affairs which insists on regarding them as purely secular. The politician who disregards the moral law in his political estimates is a wholly untrustworthy guide. Yet even the best of our politicians is afraid to speak the truth about Russia.

The Chair of Unity Octave

THE mission-intention for January, sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, running as follows—"That those outside the Fold may return to the Unity of the Church"—is exceedingly apposite, for, as our readers know, it is towards the end of the month, from January 18th to January 25th, that the great "Chair of Unity Octave of Prayers" takes place—a devotion shared by many still outside the Church's visible unity—indeed the idea of the Octave originated with some devout Anglicans in America—but carried on now as a separate Catholic practice. Apart from the word "return" in the above Intention—which implies that some at least outside the Fold were once inside—this petition expresses the dearest desire of the Catholic heart, since only in the Church can the union of all God's children be successfully accomplished. The explanation of the "Intention" details the different categories of Christians and non-Christians whose union is to be prayed for—the multitudinous heathen, the Eastern Separatists, the Anglican and other Protestants, etc. Unfortunately, in the remarks about the English Church, that singularly inveterate historical error which reckons Henry VIII, not Elizabeth, as its Founder, finds expression. This is bad enough amongst Anglicans, as we shall see, but it is surely time that our history books, if they are the source of it, were purged of this gross mistake.

A Lingering Error

ONE of the last historical illusions which converts from Anglicanism shed is that Elizabeth's Establishment was generically the same as the Catholic Church under Henry, *i.e.*, a regional Church forced into schism by the civil power, permanently in the former case, temporarily in the latter. So deep-seated is that error that it sometimes remains with the convert after he has joined the Church. Thus we read in *The Lamp* (May, p. 141) an American monthly devoted to Church Unity and Missions, the following statement :

After Henry VIII cut off the Church of England from union with Rome by the arbitrary exercise of the Royal Supremacy, his daughter Mary brought the Church of England back to union with the Apostolic See,

which expresses nearly enough the historic facts, although

strictly speaking the schism was not accomplished by the civil power but by the acquiescence of ecclesiastical authority in this act of usurped jurisdiction on the part of the Crown; however, the error we repudiate appears unmistakably in the rest of the sentence (*italics ours*):

and, although Elizabeth, that chip off the old Tudor block, *again severed "Ecclesia Anglicana" from Rome*, God Almighty will, we firmly believe, repair the breach and *once more lead the Anglicans back into the One Fold*. . .

We find, clearly implied in this declaration, the false notion that Elizabeth's ecclesiastical creation was, just like the rebellious Church under Henry, a Church in schism, capable of being restored as a whole, as Mary restored Henry's Church, to Catholic unity. The truth, of course, is that the Elizabethan Establishment was not a Church in the canonical sense but a *lay* organization, without Episcopal Orders, without any but civil jurisdiction, and professing a large number of gross anti-Catholic heresies—an Establishment which had been given the titles, legal status and material possessions of the old Catholic Church after the Bishops thereof and many of the clergy had been driven from office. The real "Ecclesia Anglicana" was thenceforward represented by the recusant clergy and faithful, soon almost exterminated by merciless persecution, but maintaining existence "in spite of dungeon, fire and sword," till canonically restored to full ecclesiastical status in our own day. That an unorganized number of Anglicans are validly baptized and accept the Catholic Faith though *not on the authority of the Catholic and Roman Church*, which they do not recognize, does not make them capable of *corporate* reunion. Accordingly, we are afraid that it is this indulgence in the vain hope of a submission *en masse* of the Anglican Establishment to Rome that leads unconsciously to the false historical view, rejected by authorities on both sides, that it remains somehow in organic connexion with the Henrician schism or that, alternatively, as stated in the above quotation, what Elizabeth founded was a schismatic Church just like her father's. All things are possible to Omnipotence, and the Almighty could undoubtedly bring about the necessary homogeneity of belief amongst the multitudinous sects of Anglicanism, including belief in the supremacy of the Pope and the duty of communion with him,

which must precede corporate union with Rome; just as He could create the same conditions amongst the heathen sects of India. But in view of the revelations of the late Report of the Doctrinal Commission, the exercise of Omnipotence required would be almost as great and miraculous in the one case as in the other. It may be that an increasing number of Anglicans are becoming pro-Papalist: it is certain that an increasing number are becoming modernists, and departing further from the principle of Unity, the divine commission to teach and rule conferred on the Catholic Church alone. We note that Father Paul, of the Society of the Atonement, is careful in the summer number of *Christus Rex* (p. 11) to speak of "an immense corporate submission of the Anglicans," an expression which avoids implying that Anglicanism is a Church formerly united with Rome. But we fear that other writers are not so alive to the need of historical accuracy in this matter.

The "People and Freedom" Group

IN our last issue we wrote of the "People and Freedom" group as "having affiliations with various Continental bodies of a Leftist tendency." We did not mean that the English association was *formally* affiliated with those others, but we used the word "affiliations" merely to express what one of the supporters of the group wrote in *The Catholic Herald* (November 11th), its "being oriented towards a democracy of Christian inspiration, like the similar groups in France (*L'Aube*: the Popular Democrats . . .," etc.). Taking leave to doubt the specific Christian inspiration of *L'Aube*, the point seems to us a trivial one: however, the Secretary wishes to stress the fact that the P. and F. "is a strictly autonomous political group," and that it does not claim to speak "as exponents of any Catholic attitude." Unfortunately, being known as Catholics and addressing the public as an organization, they are liable, unless at the same time they mention their purely personal standpoint, to be taken by the public as speaking in the Catholic name. That is why, when Catholics form associations to further objects which are political but not purely Catholic, they generally seek some sort of ecclesiastical approbation, or emphasize the absence of it. Politics and ethics are inextricably mingled, but only the Church can expound morality authoritatively.

THREE WISE MEN

SOME EPIPHANY THOUGHTS

THERE used to appear at Innsbruck in the Tyrol (maybe it still appears) a popular almanack edited by a priest who, under the name of Reimmichl, has written many Tyrolese stories. Its cover was a gay one and depicted a number of boys in fancy costume who formed a small procession. Three of them wore paper crowns on their heads and in front of them marched a fourth carrying a stick with a large pasteboard star on top of it. Across the foot of the page were scrawled the opening lines of a traditional carol the boys were supposed to be singing :

The three holy kings with their star,
They came to the Lord from afar.

This pleasant piece of pageantry, still maintained in a few villages along the Inn valley, is a relic of older Epiphany celebrations, first in the church, then in the open streets and now left to a handful of country boys. Possibly for them it has as little connexion with the "three wise men" as the London "guy" has with its Jacobean ancestor. There is this in common between the two ceremonies : the sharp Cockney "penny for the guy" is rendered into more rolling Tyrolean as "a couple of groschen for the Magi," and sometimes there is an extra character representing Judas who, true to his scriptural prototype, holds what money-bags there are. The carol they sing is quaint and interesting. It tells how the Magi come past Herod's house : whereupon, no less a personage than the king himself pokes his head, peasant-wise, out of the window. Tempter that he is, he tries to coax them inside :

O good wise men, come in and dine,
I will give you beer and wine,
And hay and straw to make your bed,
And naught of payment shall be said.

They are wise, however, to Herod's tricks. Politely they inform him that they must hurry on : they have "ein kleines Kindlein" to visit, who is also the great God that made the world.

The feast of the Epiphany has a most interesting early history. Of this something should be said though our main concern is its later association with the Magi. It is evident from the present name of Epiphany or Manifestation that the feast is of Eastern origin. But at first it recalled Christ's baptism, the occasion of the Eternal Father's witness to the Son "in whom I am well pleased": it was not the first manifestation to the Gentiles but rather the beginning of His ministry which was commemorated. The earliest mention of it is found in Clement of Alexandria who speaks of its celebration by an Egyptian Gnostic sect, the followers of Basilides.¹ With the Gnostics would be the implied suggestion that Christ did not attain to the full status of divinity until after the baptism which inaugurated His public career. By the fourth century both birth and baptism were commemorated together in the East, for Christmas Day was a later introduction from the West. The account of Silvia Peregrina has left us a record of the Masses and processions at Epiphany time which were celebrated in honour of Christ's birth. On the evening of January 5th the Bishop of Jerusalem would go in procession to Bethlehem, sing a midnight Mass in the cave of the nativity and, returning to the city, would visit the church of the Resurrection and the Basilica of the Holy Sepulchre.

But for all that the baptism *motif* remained the more prominent. In a sermon on the baptism St. John Chrysostom asserts that "we give to this feast the name of Epiphany because then the saving grace of our Lord was made apparent to all men. But why do we give the title to the day on which Christ was baptized, and not to that of His birth? The reason is that His manifestation to all men dates not from the birth but from His baptism: for until then many had known Him not."² St. Jerome, who had considerable contact with the East though himself a member of the Latin Church, insists upon the same connexion and distinguishes explicitly Epiphany and Nativity: the birth of Christ, he declares, was a hidden and almost secret thing.³ Proclus of Constantinople emphasizes the same point and alludes to a further note of the feast which is the ground for certain other associations which it still retains. "Christ," he tells us, "appears to the world: He fills it with light and joy: He sanctifies the waters

¹ Stromata, I., c. xxi. Migne, P.G., Vol. VIII, col. 888.

² "Homilia de baptismo Christi," II, P.G., Vol. XLIX, col. 365-366.

³ "In Ezechielem," i, 3, P.L., Vol. XXV, col. 18-19.

and spreads His light in the souls of men. The sun of justice shines forth to scatter the darkness of ignorance. The only-begotten Son of the Father is revealed to us in baptism, and through baptism gives to us the character of sons of God."¹ What might be termed the double rhythm of the Incarnation, the happiest theme of the Greek Fathers, is in evidence here. Christ's descent is regarded essentially as the prelude to man's ascent: Christ lowered Himself from heaven to earth that He might raise man from earth to heaven: with divinity He associates a human nature in order to transform that nature to super-nature: putting it bluntly, as the Greeks delight in doing, God became "humanized" so that men could be "divinized," could become in the startling words of St. Peter, "sharers in the divine nature." The baptism of Christ is obviously a mystery around which these thoughts would readily gather, for it is through this sacrament that man's nature is first so changed and transmuted. Among other events that came gradually to be commemorated along with the baptism were the miracle at Cana and the feeding of the five thousand.² It might be argued that this miracle was here introduced as "the beginning of miracles" which Jesus "did in Cana of Galilee," and therefore as the first manifestation of His miraculous power. But Christian writers were not slow to see an obvious symbolism in the changing of water into wine: this indicated the transformation through grace, the sacramental grace infused in baptism, of the water of merely natural existence into the wine of supernatural life and union with God. The feeding of the five thousand could easily be interpreted as a foreshadowing of the Eucharist and its intimate connexion with the soul's new life. It is perhaps worthy of record that these associations are still preserved in the modern Breviary and Missal. The Gospel for the Epiphany octave-day is that of Christ's baptism, and on the second Sunday after the feast the account of the Cana miracle is read. The Epiphany vesper hymn "*Crudelis Herodes*" devotes a verse apiece to that disreputable monarch, to the Magi, to the baptism and Cana.

¹ "*Homilia in sancta Theophania*," i, 5, P.G., Vol. LXV, col. 757.

² Instances of the connexion between the feast and the miracle at Cana are very frequent. An example of the less common mention of the feeding of the five thousand may be noted in a verse of the Epiphany hymn of St. Ambrose.

"*Sic quinque milibus virum
Dum quinque panes dividis,
Edentium sub dentibus
In ore crescebat cibus.*"

By the fifth century the feast is established throughout the West, and here it has the character which is familiar to us today. St. Augustine, though he refers to its other associations, declares that it is the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles in the person of the Magi, brought to Christ by the leading of a star.¹ Other names are still accorded to it, but they are the more familiar ones of "The Feast of the Star" (for example "in stilla Domini" according to a "capitularium" of the gospels of the seventh century), "The Feast of the Magi" and much later "The Feast of the Three Kings," the title it keeps in the German language.² Throughout Christian tradition the Magi have developed in manner truly picturesque. In the account of St. Matthew they are described simply as "Magi," rendered into English as "wise men," though elsewhere in the New Testament this word is no term of compliment and means something very like "magician." They were almost certainly members of a priestly caste from Persia or Arabia, summoned to make this early recognition of the Infant Christ by a phenomenon which the evangelist calls "his star in the East." Quite early did Christian writers elaborate upon the simple Gospel tale. Irenaeus interpreted the symbolism of the three gifts: gold, offered to Christ in token of His kingship; frankincense as an acknowledgment of His Divinity; and myrrh, prophetic of His death for mankind.³ Tertullian identified them with the kings mentioned in the 71st Psalm: "The kings of Tharsis and the islands shall offer presents, the kings of the Arabians and of Saba shall bring gifts, and all the kings of the earth shall adore Him."⁴ And it was Origen, I think, who first committed himself to the number three.⁵ "Three wise men"—it has the rhythm of a well-known "round." But the number has had many variants. In a painting in the Catacombs of Pietro and Marcellino two are depicted, while four appear in a similar fresco in the cemetery of Domitilla. The Syrians are fonder of the number twelve with the result that each gift is presented four times over. But in the West, by the time of Bede, three had come to be accepted as the tradi-

¹ "In Epiphania Domini," Sermo IX, P.L., Vol. XXXIX, col. 2018.

² Dreikönigsfest is the ordinary German name for the feast. The name appears during the fourteenth century, cf. a reference of 1354, "am Dage der h. dreyger Könighe."

³ "Adversus Haereses," iii, 9, P.L., Vol. VII, col. 870.

⁴ "Adversus Marcionem," iii, 13.

⁵ "In Genesim Homilia," XIV, 3, P.G., Vol. XII, col. 238.

tional number, and the names of the trio had crystallized into the familiar Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar.

Some of the earliest "dramatic" representations of the Middle Ages had the Magi as their central figures. The representations were, of course, connected with the Liturgy and there was an obvious parallel between the Magi's gifts and the normal offertory ceremony of the Mass. The oldest form of this Magi-play is that used at Limoges during the eleventh century. The offertory phrases were chanted by the choir: "The kings of Tharsis and the islands shall offer presents." Whereupon three clerics wearing crowns of gold and carrying golden vessels entered the church and advanced as far as the choir. Each in turn raised aloft the object he was bearing, announcing aloud its supposed contents: "First the gold," "Incense second," "Thirdly myrrh": then, joining their voices, they continued: "Gold declareth the king, frankincense the God, and myrrh denoteth death." One of the three next pointed out the star suspended above the choir with the sung greeting: "This is the sign of the mighty king." Together intoning the sentence, "Let us go and seek Him, and offer to Him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh," they ascended to the High Altar placing the golden vessels upon it. As they did this, a boy's voice was heard from behind the altar: "I bring you tidings from high heaven: born is Christ, the sovereign of the world, in Bethlehem of Juda: for so did the prophet foretell." Then departed the clerics to the sacristy to the accompaniment of the antiphon: "Heaven's King is born in Bethlehem."¹

A more developed form of the Magi-play is that of Rouen.² The three "kings" came to the choir by different entrances, each with an attendant to carry his gift. The "king" from the East drew attention to the star, singing: "There flashes the star with radiant light": the second figure continued the refrain "which tells that the King of kings is born," the third concluding with the words "whose coming the prophets of old have sung." Slowly they proceeded to the High Altar where they saluted one another and announced their common resolve to seek the new-born Saviour, and afterwards to an

¹ H. Anz "Die lateinischen Magierspiele," Leipzig, 1905. Hugo Kehrer "Die heiligen Drei Könige in Literatur und Kunst," Leipzig, 1908.

² Anz, p. 30.

altar at the side where something like a crib had been prepared. : Meanwhile, the choir chanted :

Lo, kings have come from the East
To seek Jerusalem
And ask :
Where is He,
Who is born,
The King of Jews?

and then :

When Jesus was born in Judæan Bethlehem in Herod's days,
Behold Magi from the East who came to the holy city.

Arrived at the second altar the "kings" found another star which they welcomed with the following strophe :

Lo the star we saw in the East,
Shineth brightly again :
This is the star that foretells His birth,
The star of which Balaam sang ;
A star shall arise from Jacob,
And a man shall rise from Israel
To crush His foes,
And all the earth shall be His.

Two priests in white dalmatics, representing legendary ladies named Salome and Zelomi, held a short dialogue with the visitors. They asked their names : these were given as "kings of Tharsis, Arabia and Saba." The legendary ladies then drew back a curtain to reveal the statue of a reposing child—with the words : "Here is the child ye seek : make haste to adore Him for He is the world's Redeemer." The "kings" knelt, greeting the infant with the phrase : "Hail, monarch of the ages," and offered Him their presents. A boy's voice from the pulpit repeated to them the angelic warning : "Now are fulfilled all things of which the prophets told : but return by another way lest ye betray so great a king." The ceremony ended with a procession back to the choir to the strains of this hymn :

Three are the precious gifts,
Which on that day the Magi offered to their Lord :
And they reveal mysteries divine :
In gold—the mighty king,
In frankincense—the priest,
In myrrh—the sepulchre of the Lord.

and finally :

In the cradle Magi have adored the author of our salvation,
And from their treasures have they brought Him gifts in mystic
wise.

The simple lines of the early Epiphany play soon became more complicated. Other incidents were introduced: a procession to the palace of Herod, the argument with the Jewish priests as to the time and place of Christ's birth, a "Hirtenspiel" or meeting between the "kings" and shepherds, and ultimately the massacre of the Innocents. When these dramatized scenes passed from the church to the marketplace, they developed at times into elaborate pageants. In 1336, for example, such a pageant was organized by the Dominicans in Milan. All the church bells were pealed, great crowds assembled to follow the procession from Santa Maria delle Grazie across the city to San Lorenzo, in the courtyard of which tables and furniture had been placed to represent the chancery of Herod. The scribes appeared, consulting their scriptures and announcing finally that Bethlehem was the place foretold. Bethlehem was represented by another church, that of Sant'Eustorgio, where a large crib had been constructed against the High Altar. Thither went the procession in which monkeys, mules and peacocks were introduced to provide an Oriental note. The adoration over, the "kings" feigned to sleep on the church steps; whereupon an angel appeared with the message that they were to go back through the Porta Romana and not along the way they had come.¹

Many other examples might be quoted. One must suffice, and this is no longer a religious display but a popular survival of the same kind as the "Sternsingen" in Tyrol. In Roumania such a popular drama is apparently still enacted. "Viellim" (after Bethlehem) is its name in Wallachia, though in Moldavia and Transylvania they call it "Irozi," the plural form of "Irod" or Herod. It involves at least ten persons: Herod who speaks all the time in grumbling, discontented tones, one officer and two soldiers in Roman dress, three Magi and a child, along with two comic characters, the first dressed as a harlequin, the second with mask and sheepskins as an old man. It opens with the entrance of the officer to warn the king that three strange men have been arrested on their way to Bethlehem to worship the Messiah. The Magi are soon introduced, singing lustily as they come. A dialogue ensues, the result of which is a condemnation to prison for the Eastern pilgrims. The Magi thereupon address God

¹ G. Guilini "Memorie della Città e Campagna di Milano," Vol. V, 243, Milan, 1856. Cf. also Kehrér.

and demand that a stern punishment be visited upon the cruel monarch: strange noises off-stage indicate that their prayer is beginning to have an answer. Herod is penitent and begs their forgiveness. At this point a child enters, asking pity for Herod and foretelling the future greatness of Christ. Herod, who falls in and out of penitence very rapidly, is furious at this, and stabs the prophetic child. All the actors then stand round in silence, striking an attitude of strong reproach while Herod, conscious of his crime, falls on his knees in deep repentance.¹

Quite apart from these representations which are thoroughly Christian in character, a number of customs and odd beliefs have gathered round the feast and persons of the "three wise men." There is a charming description in the "Memoirs de Mistral" of how, on Epiphany eve, the Provençal children went out to meet them: they took with them cakes for the Magi, dried figs for the attendant pages and for the horses handfuls of hay. They waited along the country lanes until evening deepened into night, and still there was no sign of the visitors they were expecting. Finally, they were conducted back to the village church and there over the crib they beheld the star and saw the kneeling figures of the "kings." Other processions were not as deeply tinged with a religious colour. They would pass from house to house, singing carols and begging for small gifts. In the French Landes it was the custom to go with a sack to every house in which a child had been born during the past year: the song they shouted expressed the impious hope that the baby would cease to grow unless presents were given to the singers.² At Sainte-Menchaud they chanted in charming refrain:

Pour eun' pomm', pour un' peire,
Pour un p'tit coup d'cidr' à beire.

while in Normandy and Brittany the chorus was much as follows:

Par Dieu,
Pour Dieu,
Donnez nous un peu
De la part de Dieu.
Si vous voulez pas nous donner,
Ne nous faits pas attendre,
Nos souliers sont percés,
Nous avons les pieds tendres.³

¹ T. Stratilescu "From Carpathian to Pindus: Pictures of Roumanian Country Life," pp. 355 sqq, 1906.

² M. Vloberg "Les Noël's de France," p. 165, Grenoble, 1934.

³ Vloberg, p. 170—171.

More particularly in German-speaking countries these processions were characterized by the appearance of odd personages, generally women. At Eschenlohe near Partenkirchen three women used to go round on Epiphany eve with linen bags over their heads, slits being made for mouth and eyes: the first carried a chain, the second a rake, the third a broom. Going to each house in the village, they knocked on its door with the chain, scraped the ground in front of it with the rake and finally used the broom to make the noise of sweeping.¹ In certain districts of the Eastern Alps a ceremony took place known as the "Berchtenlaufen": on Twelfth Night boys ran round in masks with torches and lanterns, making as much noise as they could with horns and bells and whips—presumably with the purpose of frightening away the spirits of evil.² In this connexion mention should be made of a female character supposed to pay visits to houses and cottages during the Epiphany season. She is variously named, Frau Berchta or Perchta in Southern Germany and the Tyrol, and Frau Holle or Holda in Hesse and Thuringia: when it snows heavily in the latter country, they say that Frau Holle is shaking out her feather bed.³ Holda is kinder than her more southern sister, Berchta: for in Saxony she is said to drive through the villages on New Year's Eve with a carriage laden with presents: at the crack of her whip the peasants run out of their houses to be given them. Berchta is a trifle grimmer. She will tolerate no spinning during the period between Christmas and Epiphany and woe betide any lazy maiden that has left flax upon her distaff. The cottage door is left ajar and food placed upon the table in case she should pass by. To children she is kindly but more discriminating than the simple Santa Klaus. Her gifts of apples, nuts and gingerbread are distributed only to boys and girls who have been really well-behaved. In Carinthia the Epiphany is sometimes called "Berchtentag" and the legend still survives that she is none other than Procula, the wife of Pontius Pilate.⁴ A character somewhat similar is the Befana (the word comes obviously from the feast's name) who plays the part of fairy godmother in Tuscany. At one time effigies were made of

¹ O von Reinsberg-Düringsfeld "Das festliche Jahr der germanischen Völker," p. 21, Leipzig, 1898.

² O von Reinsberg-Düringsfeld, p. 21.

³ O von Reinsberg-Düringsfeld, p. 23.

⁴ R. H. Bush "The Valleys of Tyrol," p. 118, London, 1874. E. H. Meyer "Mythologie der Germanen," p. 428, Strasbourg, 1903.

her quite like the London "guy" and she was thus wheeled about to the blowing of trumpets. The children hung up their stockings on Epiphany eve and hoped for the best. But being a lady, she was more critical than Santa Klaus who apparently is easily fooled. The good children did indeed wake next morning to discover sweets in their stockings, but the naughty ones found lumps of coal or even a toy birch as a reminder of how hard the way of the transgressor threatens to be.¹

Another quaint custom in which the memory of the Magi was renewed at Epiphany time, was that of the Twelfth Cake or, as it was called in France, the *Gâteau des Rois*. A bean and a pea were placed in the cake. Whosoever's portion contained these modest objects was elected King or Queen of the feast. A first portion was cut and put aside as "*la part du bon Dieu*" and usually given to the first person from outside the house who asked for it. Sometimes it was reserved for the bands of children who came a'carolling. An account of this custom from Lorraine adds certain details. On the vigil of the feast lots were cast for the honour of king, and whoever was chosen was free to select his queen. The pair enjoyed special places at table and whenever they raised their glasses there were cries of "The King drinks: the Queen drinks." On the feast day itself an enormous cake appeared. The first two portions were set aside, the first as that of "*le bon Dieu*," the second for our Lady (in practice these were distributed to the poor). The one to find a bean in his portion was thereupon proclaimed Epiphany King: were a lady the lucky finder, she was permitted to choose her king as she pleased. The office of "*Bohnenkonig*" (to give it the name it had in Germany) or "King of the Bean," was not without its burdens: for its holder was expected to invite the whole company to a banquet on the following Sunday at which some of the guests would appear as Eastern monarchs, having previously blacked their faces with burnt cork.²

One last brief mention, this time of some curious beliefs that have attached themselves at different periods to the "three wise men." Their assistance was thought to be very efficacious against certain illnesses, particularly against epilepsy. Magi amulets existed, small pieces of cloth or parchment with

¹ D. N. Lees "Tuscan Feasts and Tuscan Festivals," pp. 83, 87, London, 1901.

² E. Cortet "Essai sur les Fêtes religieuses," pp. 33-34, Paris, 1867.

a verse written upon them, invoking their three names.¹ It was only natural that they should be regarded as patrons of the traveller after their own long journey to the Holy Land. If you wished to travel fast, you had to place one of these amulets inside your shoe, and then you made the journey three times as speedily as you could without it. There was a special Mass "*de tribus Magis pro iter agentibus*" with a prayer for a successful voyage "*per ipsorum trium regum pias intercessionem et merita.*" And finally they were patrons not only of the road but also of the road-house, and a reminder of this, their patronage, can still be seen in the names of inns, at least in German countries. The frequent "*Zum Goldenen Stern*" and "*Zum Mohren*," and the occasional "*Zu den heiligen Drei Königen*" or "*Zu den Drei Königen*" are such reminders. Finally, there is the widespread custom of writing the three initial letters of their traditional names with crosses in between them over the doors of rooms and barns and stables. There are few peasant houses in Carinthia in which you will not see the C and M and B insignia of the Magi.

At Calvados in Normandy it was a common thing to build a huge bonfire after the Epiphany: as its flames rose, the peasants would dance through the smoke, singing this song which may serve here as a conclusion:

Adieu Noël,
Noël s'en va.
Il reviendra
Quand il voudra.
Adieu les Rois
Jusqu' à douze mois.
Douze mois passés,
Vous les reverrez.²

JOHN MURRAY.

¹ Kehr, pp. 80 sqq. As an example of these verses the following will suffice:

"Melchius Pabtzar portans haec nomina Caspar
Solvitur a morbo Christi pietate caduco" (12th century).

² Vloberg, p. 172.

THE IRISH BANKING COMMISSION'S REPORT

IT is not easy to know what precisely would be of interest to English readers in the bulky volume which contains the Report of the Irish Banking Commission. English readers have had so many readable, instructive and varied reports on banking and credit since the Great War that the little mite—of some 700 pages—which Ireland now contributes to these matters will pass almost unnoticed. Yet there are certain points which might be worth putting before the readers of *THE MONTH*. In the first place, there are three long appendices dealing explicitly with the relation of the Papal Encyclicals to the solution of social problems in general and of credit problems in particular. This is surely unique in Governmental reports. There is, moreover, a very long chapter of one of the minority reports almost entirely devoted to the same subject. Then there are a series of appendices which treat of certain more or less “unorthodox” solutions of credit problems put before the Commission by enthusiasts for this or that particular brand of monetary reform. There is, too, a mass of information and statistics about the economic state of Ireland to-day, as well as a very good summary of Irish economic history in the past hundred years. Finally, we have three most delightful minority reports, written in deep sincerity evidently, but in a most “un-Blue-book” style, reminding one of some of the brighter pages of that charming document, the Macmillan Report of 1931. As the whole volume is sold for 5s., one gets exceedingly good value for one’s money.

The Majority Report contains but a very “dusty answer” to the many hopeful persons who looked to this Commission to give us the solution of our major problems of unemployment, emigration, low marriage rate, falling population, housing, and agriculture. These hopeful persons were not even “hot for certainties in this our life”: they were quite ready—as most Irishmen are—to take a chance, to risk a gamble. But the Majority Report not only does not encourage any gamble, it simply freezes all our initiative in every direction. Of course, the Majority felt the full weight of the responsi-

bility laid upon them by the State in this vital matter of finance and credit : they felt, it may be presumed, like Jellicoe (as pictured by Winston Churchill) at the battle of Jutland—they were in the position of being able to destroy all economic prosperity for a generation by some temerarious action or advice. But one is inclined to think that this deep sense of their responsibility affected their judgment and drove them back into a conservatism which may easily defeat its own object. For it is generally admitted by those who have studied and written on the Majority Report that it is a most conservative document, not only in its specific recommendations, but even in the economic principles, doctrines and views on which these recommendations are based. Some extremely unkind things have been said about the Report in this connexion. Undoubtedly, it is an astonishingly conservative document, and the more it is studied, the more does this aspect of it seem clear. It is, of course, incredible, but the impression left on the reader's mind is that the authors of the Report have deliberately refused to allow themselves even to consider the work of such men as Keynes, von Mises, Harrod, Meade, Hayek and Hawtrey—to say nothing of the Macmillan Report. For all the internal evidence there is, these men might never have lived or written on credit and currency. And yet looking through the names of the Commission, there is none as distinguished as Keynes, and only one or two of anything approaching the calibre of those others named above.

The main recommendation from the immediately spectacular point of view is that our Irish pound is to remain not only linked with the English pound, with sterling, but linked at the present parity : to-day anyone can get twenty Irish shillings for an English pound and twenty English shillings for an Irish pound. Extremely strong reasons are given for this recommendation, and, on the whole, the balance of argument probably lies in its favour. But there are many people who think, first, that the Irish currency ought not to be linked—at least directly and explicitly—to sterling, but would prefer to see it linked to the currency of almost any other country or to gold. This is chiefly a matter of strong national sentiment, and it is hard to see what great harm would be done by meeting these people's wishes. Personally, I have always had a secret hankering after a much smaller unit, something like the Dutch guilder or even the old *franc de Germinal*. There would be little difficulty in having a distinctively

national unit, equal in value to, say, the present florin and linked officially with the American dollar, that is to say, payable or convertible in dollars by the Currency Commission. But the advantages of such a unit are mainly sentimental, though the smaller unit might promote a more thrifty (or parsimonious) frame of mind with regard to spending money. The disadvantages are those that are connected with every upset to long-established habits of thought and action, and with the fact that most of our foreign trade is with England. But quite another question arises when we consider the maintenance of the present parity. There is a definite current of opinion, not very widespread yet, but vocal, that it would be wise to let our currency find its own exchange value, or even deliberately to depreciate our unit (whatever it might be, pound or florin) in terms of sterling. In this case, the Irish unit, the pound, might be made worth only 15s. English money. The example of New Zealand and, less accurately and less happily, Denmark and Portugal, has been sometimes quoted over here for this course of action. It would mean, very probably, a distinct stimulus to our export trade, a most desirable thing in itself: for our prices would in English currency be so much the cheaper. But it would also mean a corresponding tax on imports which, coming at a time when we are trying to get industries going, would not be at all so desirable. For we still have to import a great deal of our raw materials or semi-finished goods, a great deal of our fuel and practically all our machinery and spare parts. The result would be that prices of Irish manufactured goods would certainly go up, pushing the cost of living still higher than it is. This would mean that wages would have to go up, which would push the cost of living still higher—and so the vicious spiral would be started and continue.

Yet a third result of this depreciation of our currency in terms of English money must be mentioned, for this seems to be the main reason why its advocates are so keen on it. By breaking the present statutory link with sterling and making the Irish unit inconvertible into sterling except on the open exchange market, certain people over here see the possibility of issuing "free credit" to the Government to finance a large-scale plan of public works. The Currency Commission is to be empowered to issue these "free credits," which when they come back from the clearing house, will have to be cashed by an issue of legal tender notes without any realizable backing.

The spending of these credits in ending unemployment—say, employing one-third of our unemployed, that is, 30,000 men—would mean an increase in effective demand of something like £2,000,000 or even more a year. This new demand would also add its force—the third one we have noted—to the pushing up of the cost of living.

The Majority Report is most anxious about the exchange value of our currency. It speaks, in grave terms, of certain forces which “indicate a tendency to spending in the domestic market uncompensated by increased exports, so as to cause a strain on the balance of payments.” The main reasons why the Majority Report wishes the link with sterling maintained are connected with international trade. Its critics have concentrated rather on stressing the necessity of developing the home market and stable domestic prices, and letting international trade take a secondary place in our scheme of things. These critics are struck by the fact that we have some 100,000 men unemployed or under-employed and that we have “immense undeveloped resources” in the development of which these unemployed might be given work. This would, so the argument runs, increase effective demand and so increase employment in other branches of industry. One may well be sceptical of our “immense undeveloped resources”: it generally boils down to this that there is a vast afforestation scheme overdue, that drainage is badly needed, that land reclamation could be undertaken, that the bogs might be still more exploited, and that housing is still very necessary. All of these are works of a capital nature, involving the sinking of large amounts of capital which will give no return for many a year, and possibly no return at all directly. This capital is to be paid for by some method, not of open taxation or of loans, but of credit-creation by the State itself or some organ of the State. Personally, I find this scheme very difficult to swallow: it seems to me certain to cause inflation and much more suffering and hardship and injustice than we have at present—and God knows that is enough. It would, I fancy, lead to the destruction of the savings of the poor and the middle-class, and to reduction to destitution of that fairly large class of person who is living on a small fixed income, pension, annuity or savings. But one thing I am certain of: this scheme, in its specific and concrete form, has just as little to do with the Encyclicals or with social justice as the Majority Report itself.

I say this because there is a very active campaign going on over here to represent the third minority report, which advocates some such ideas as I have sketched above, as being the logically necessary conclusion from a study of the Papal Encyclicals, as being in some special way "Catholic," or in some special way an implementation of the doctrines and principles of the Encyclicals. Anyone who ventures to disagree with this third minority report is looked upon by certain enthusiasts as either completely ignorant of economics or else very suspect in his loyalty to Catholicity and the Papal social teaching. Now, in my opinion, despite a long and laudable display of quotations from the social Encyclicals, which is all to the good, this third minority report, in so far as its specific, concrete recommendations are concerned, neither follows logically from the principles of the Encyclicals nor would its application lead to the ideals of a Christian social order set before us by the Encyclicals. On the contrary, I believe that the recommendations of this third minority report would prove, in the long run, most unwise and would lead to just those social evils and social injustices which the Encyclicals condemn, and which this report professes to wish to remedy. May I add that I have read the Encyclicals and that I have studied economics, even modern economics and modern theories on currency and credit? I had just finished the above sentence when my attention was drawn to a passage in *The Catholic Times* of December 2, 1938. The Dublin correspondent writes: "These words of the Bishop are true, and they will remain true until our present monetary system is changed. And the pity of it is that a worked-out solution in entire accordance with the Papal Encyclicals is at hand in the Minority Report No. 3 of the Banking Commission." The dignity of *THE MONTH* prevents me using the two short words of American slang so expressive for dealing with such self-confident but unfounded assertions as this.

But to return to the Majority Report. It goes on to recommend that our present Currency Commission should be turned into a modified kind of Central Bank or Central Monetary Authority. It does not wish to see a gold coinage struck for Ireland and put into circulation. I stand with Mr. Belloc in wishing very much for a return of a gold coinage, and do not see why the Commission are so anxious to avoid it, especially now that the Currency Commission have bought quite a substantial amount of gold to lock up in its cellars. The Majority are unwilling, too, to see a money market on the

basis of Treasury Bills developing in Dublin, and definitely recommend the gradual withdrawal of all banknotes except the legal tender currency notes. But what has caused most comment over here have been the two recommendations of the Majority with regard to land-purchase and housing. The Majority were so impressed by the size and rapid growth of our dead-weight debt that they urgently recommend that there should be no increase and that it should be reduced at once. Hardly was the Report published than the Department of Finance issued a statement showing that owing to the Pact with England the debt had been reduced several tens of millions overnight. It was a little unfair of the Department, whose Secretary was actually on the Commission, to allow the Commission to blunder along in the dark about this vital matter: the Report was signed in March, 1938, but was held up till the Pact had been signed, and only published in August—hence there was plenty of time to insert a correction slip in the page referring to this dead-weight debt. Following on their recommendation about the reduction of debt, come the two recommendations (i) that land-purchase should be held up, and (ii) that housing, financed from loans, should also be suspended. Moreover, owing to its effect on credit, the Majority recommend that the compulsory powers to acquire land, at present possessed by the State, should be abolished.

So far the Government have given no indication of their attitude towards the Majority Report. A considerable number of their ablest Civil Servants were actually on the Commission and signed the Majority Report: hence, their advice, which must carry weight, would be in favour of acting on that Report. But as regards land-purchase and housing there seems no doubt that the Government will go ahead, a little more cautiously perhaps, but still vigorously. It is generally believed that the present parity with the English pound will be maintained, and that any form of inflation will be frowned on. But here we are still in darkness.

The minority reports are all protests against certain assumptions and conclusions of the Majority. The general line of thought—most emphatically and clearly expressed in the first minority report, signed by two Labour men and Professor O'Rahilly, is that the Majority neglected the human and social elements of the problems, completely ignored the principles, ideals and suggestions of Catholic sociology and, in their desire to maintain the out-worn Manchester school ideas,

were content passively to accept emigration, unemployment, late marriages and the rest of our burning social questions. There is a great deal of truth in this destructive criticism : as I have already said, the Majority Report is conservative. The positive constructive suggestions of the minority reports, especially of the third minority report, are open to criticisms from the point of view of orthodox economics. But there are many excellent ideas put forward. For instance, the first minority report expresses something that most of us over here are thinking. "We have the utmost sympathy with the plea that we should proceed cautiously and gradually, that we should allay all reasonable suspicions and doubts. But we cannot acquiesce in the extraordinary view that this country, alone among all responsible political entities in the world, should not even have the power to make decisions, that no apparatus or mechanism for controlling the volume and direction of credit should ever be brought into existence." It goes on to say : "While we all cheerfully preach against irresponsibility, there is a counter-danger that some may not sufficiently guard against; that is the ultra-conservative stereotyping of private institutions to the detriment of the community. Beyond suggesting some tightening-up and co-ordination of functional responsibility, we have not criticized the commercial banks which efficiently perform their limited tasks and appear to satisfy their shareholders. But a survey of our position entitles us to conclude that, in addition to these private institutions—and not as superseding them—we need an organ for the issue and control of development credit. This is our fundamental conclusion; and the only thing startling about it is that it was not accepted sixteen years ago." One feels that there is a great deal of truth in this conclusion and, some time, probably sooner than later, this recommendation will be implemented. The precise policy of this organ for development credit is, of course, another question which need not be discussed here : when we have the organ we can see what use we shall make of it. But few will want to deny that we should have our own apparatus of control and manage it ourselves. As an independent country, aiming at social reconstruction on Christian lines, according to Article 45, Nos. 1, 2 and 4 of the Constitution, we should no longer, it might be argued, be tied to an alien non-Christian economic regime which impedes that reconstruction in so many ways.

E. J. COYNE.

OUR READERS AND THE MISSIONS

WHILST the so-called civilized nations seem to be mainly occupied in "snarling at each others heels" and the air is thick with "wars and rumours of war," the Church of God goes steadily on with her divine mission of preaching peace on earth to men of good will, and because at the moment "good will" is so much to seek amongst the Christian nations she turns more and more to the Gentiles and intensifies her efforts for the Christianization of the heathen. In this divine work many of our readers have their share and we are anxious from time to time to let them know the fruits of their efforts. It is now nine months since we reviewed the fortunes of *THE MONTH* Forwarding Scheme, which will have been four years in existence in April next, and we think that the beginning of the year is a favourable opportunity of describing, for new readers and old, how the enterprise is getting on.

Some time ago owing to the vast amount of clerical work involved, we made up our minds not to exceed the number of 300 missions supplied (when we wrote in April last there were 280). In the ordinary course there are always gaps occurring in the ranks of forwarders, who die or leave England or become otherwise unable to continue their gifts, but happily their places are speedily taken by others, and still the total number continues to grow. At the moment this has reached 340, and our idea of stopping at 300 has quite faded away!—particularly as there are at the moment, fifty-six new applicants on our waiting list! Setting a limit would seem to be a mistrust of Providence which has so far always provided the necessary help to keep up the good work—for instance, when recently an accumulation of over 400 letters had to be dealt with, an offer of help came quite spontaneously, just when we felt really almost in despair, from that most admirable Society, the Ladies of the Grail, which met the immediate crisis. And so we shall now show how deeply this work of providing good reading for the lonely missionary is appreciated, by a few selections from the copious correspondence sent to this office from the mission-field. Of course, what is said of *THE MONTH* applies as well to other Catholic

magazines and papers, but naturally our correspondents confine themselves mainly to our own periodical. Unfortunately the amount of work demanded to keep our own Forwarding Scheme going *absolutely forbids our dealing with any other books or Catholic papers*—several of which are now sent by their own agencies.

Starting with island missions, which are necessarily the most lonely and isolated, we find one Missionary of the Sacred Heart writing from the wastes of the South Pacific :

I am so grateful for having been put on the privileged list of THE MONTH Forwarding Scheme. I have written to thank the generous reader who has given my subscription. THE MONTH is just the right type of reading which will help to spend my lonely evenings in the most pleasant way. You can imagine that here on this tiny island, life is rather dull and monotonous, being so far removed from any other country : water, and only water all around for thousands of miles. I once went to the nearest mainland (2,500 miles) for confession, after having been alone for several years. Such a trip—and consequently such a confession—costs me £20. I am pretty sure you can have it cheaper, but it gives you an idea of our position and then you will agree with me when I tell you that good and serious reading matter is always received with open arms like a good friend. I have been thirty-five-odd years on this island.

Another priest, one of the famous Picpus Order from Holland, in a Pacific group of islands who, in the course of thirty-eight years has started no less than thirteen mission-stations, is now suffering from grave maladies such as would cause many ordinary people to retire to a nursing home. However, nothing can damp his zeal, nor seemingly curb his activities, and in his last letter—which took five months to reach us—opening in French, he says :

THE MONTH est une revue intéressante ; on trouve des articles instructifs. J'ai reçu aussi *The Universe*, un journal vraiment catholique. Ships call here only occasionally—recently a yacht from Los Angeles, bound for Honolulu. The owner and his guests visited me and inquired where was my church—they did not recognize the poor hut made of coconut fibre as such. However, they "did the right thing" when leaving, and gave me

a bottle of claret, six potatoes and six onions, welcome gifts since the island is famine-stricken.

It is difficult to imagine more stark drama packed into seven words than in the last phrase of the above.

Similar letters of thanks come from Fiji, Thursday Island, Java, the Seychelles and Madagascar; and it is difficult indeed to select from the number of grateful recipients who write from New Guinea and Papua. Shutting one's eyes and taking two letters at random, we find:

How can I express my thanks for such a fine gift as THE MONTH? [says a Sacred Heart Father in New Guinea]. Imagine my joy on receiving the first copy, not only for myself but for many other missionaries in other outlying stations to whom I shall send it on. . . I promise to collect all the stamps for you I get, as a clear *duty*, and every new MONTH will remind me of this. This work of yours is very real Catholic Action.

The other, from Papua, says:

God bless all concerned in this work of charity. THE MONTH has come regularly all through the year, it is a big and pleasant help indeed.

From the Philippine Isles we have a number of letters of thanks—and also a number of requests for THE MONTH! One priest writes:

Yesterday an odd copy came into my hands and I read of your splendid Forwarding Scheme. We need good reading matter so badly, but I am too poor to subscribe for any. I wonder *could* any kind reader be found to do this for me?

We wonder, too.

So many delightful letters have come from picturesque Japan that again we have had to resort to the blindfold method of selection. The result was this:

It is with feelings of really heartfelt gratitude that I write once again to thank you for having included me in your Forwarding Scheme. I have now been the delighted recipient of THE MONTH for over a year and the benefits I have derived from it are inestimable—benefits spiritual and intellectual. A few days ago I became really

enthusiastic as I walked in a nearby wood reading aloud "Nature Notes" in the April number by Alan Jenkins—the setting for reading it was perfect; spring in most countries is lovely, but in Japan—at least in our part—it is ideal. The cherry blossoms are a sight never forgotten, exquisitely delicate, symbolizing the innate gentleness and courtesy of the Japanese people. At times the blossom transforms an entire hill-side into one glorious pile of flowers. But in the rainy season—sometimes it looks as if everything would become covered in blue mould, which is terribly depressing. . .

Moving to South China, the Scottish secular priest who is the voluntary guardian of the shrine of St. Francis Xavier on the lonely little island of Sancien, writes (strangely enough, on the very same day as the foregoing), and incidentally gives another aspect of the Japanese :

Thank you a thousand times for *THE MONTH* which you arranged for me to receive through a good reader's generosity. It arrives regularly. There isn't much news here. The Japanese took our island on November 28th, but left again on December 20th, the people, who had all fled, flocked back, and we had the "wee kirk" packed at Christmas, which was glorious because we had not expected peace.

Another priest, a Jesuit in China, head of a seminary so poor they have hardly any books, begged us, if possible, to send them back numbers of *THE MONTH* as well, for good reading matter. Having supplied them with a regular *MONTH* we then waited for offers of back numbers to arrive, as so often happens. Three readers offered different years of back numbers within the week. The Father wrote in reply :

We have received all the back numbers of *THE MONTH* from the three kind readers who answered your call, and we were extremely honoured to find one was a Bishop of Great Britain, but as much as anyone you deserve a real letter of gratitude for all the trouble you took for us, and with such success.

Continuing south, a Jesuit in India says :

The coming of *THE MONTH* is a kind of "villa day" for me : I take it in hand the moment it arrives and put

it by only for duty. If I happen to have to go out after it has arrived, it always accompanies me. Whilst thanking my good benefactor I want also to thank you too.

Another missionary, at a single-handed outpost, says that if people realized more clearly the pitiful need there is in the missions for food for the mind, surely every Catholic at home, in the midst of plenty, would send at least ONE good paper regularly to the missions. He continues :

You can have no idea how we appreciate THE MONTH when it comes. You need to be taken away from all intercourse with educated people to realize how we *crave* for good reading out here in the missions. . . I do sincerely hope you will be able to find someone willing to supply me in my new post.

From another, a Bishop, comes an appeal. Who could fail to be touched by such humility and simplicity ?

I am wondering if you could find some kind and charitable readers who would supply myself and three of my priests with THE MONTH. When they know that I am an old reader of this fine periodical but can never afford the money to subscribe to it, perhaps they may. Now that I have become a Bishop my poverty is much greater than before.

Being forced to leave a very large number of delightful letters from India unquoted, we pass to Ceylon, whence a priest writes quite simply that he *must* have THE MONTH ! The need was really urgent ; happily, thanks to the then steady flow of gifts of foreign stamps to this office, the Philatelic Fund was able to supply his need :

My present work [he says] makes it absolutely necessary for me to read some good English papers. THE MONTH is certainly one of the best ; the brilliant and solid Editorial Comments especially will render me most valuable help.

From Burma we have had a number of grateful letters, but we must hurry on to Africa, since it is that vast continent which receives perhaps the largest number of MONTHS, and which sends most letters of thanks—a real *embarras de choix*—which precludes anything like an exhaustive selection. A recipient in Kenya aptly describes his mission as situated in

"the wilds of a cageless zoo"; from Swaziland a Servite Father writes: "I am more grateful than I can say for THE MONTH. I do hope this Scheme of yours will grow, as it surely would, if people realized how much a regular copy of THE MONTH is appreciated in the mission-field."

In Nyasaland there is a leper colony whose Superior is particularly grateful for THE MONTH. He gives many touching details of their utterly Christ-like work, carried out with most inadequate resources. So cheap are labour and materials that a mere £150 would give them what they need so desperately—a more or less adequate hospital; yet so poor are they, they have not 150 shillings!

From Uganda, where the Faith has already blossomed into martyrdom, comes the usual expressive gratitude for the small service we are able to do. A "White Father" says:

May I send you my heartfelt thanks for getting me that wonderful periodical of yours, THE MONTH. It will please you to know that I never miss a sentence of Father Thurston's, and I admire him and his articles immensely.

Another missionary writes, also from Uganda:

These are times when one looks about for another word than "thank you," but because of your generosity in allotting me THE MONTH I shall give you a special daily remembrance. I have always advertised THE MONTH; before I came here, I read it regularly, now I can no longer afford it. In fact when I am laid low with an attack of fever and they ask "is there anything I can do for you?" I invariably answer: "Have you any old MONTHS?"

And again from the same region:

If you only knew what it is to get something really GOOD to read out here in the wilds, and how little money there ever is even for necessities of life (I have written literally *hundreds* of letters to try and get a new roof to replace ours which has blown off!), much less to subscribe to a periodical, you would realize what a boon your Forwarding Scheme is. I am so glad the far-off mission priests get first choice—how lonely and isolated they are is only understood by one who has been out in the blue.

A Vicar-Apostolic writes from Nigeria:

How good of you to get me a subscription for THE

MONTH. Its articles are so very interesting and instructive—just what we need in the mission-field. Your Forwarding Scheme is surely bringing a lot of joy to many a lonely missionary, no wonder it has God's blessing.

Another Vicar-Apostolic, whose subscription for THE MONTH happens to be provided by the sale of foreign stamps which we collect, writes most appreciatively, and still another from the opposite side of the continent adds to his thanks a most welcome gift of some valuable local stamps, and concludes: "May God bless THE MONTH and all its readers who thus help us poor missionaries."

Properly speaking, Bishops should have a prior right of entry into these records of our work, but owing to space, even among them, selection must be made. A West Coast prelate writes:

A thousand thanks for your letter in connexion with THE MONTH. I had not received it for some time [his forwarder had died] and I am delighted to know that you have found a new reader who will provide it for me. I am grieved to hear of the death of my late benefactor, I shall most certainly pray for his soul. I am very, very busy with mission work, I am no longer young and have been thirty-three years in this country.

A Father of the African Missions at work in Nigeria writes:

You have no idea how one looks forward to receiving THE MONTH, and what a mental refreshment it is. May God reward you all for your charity.

From Tanganyika a "White Father" says:

Many, many thanks for sending that huge parcel of back MONTHS: they are more welcome than flowers in May to me who so seldom receive anything in English to read at all. They will go on to many other Fathers out here.

Another member of that great Society, working in the same field, says:

It is difficult for you to realize how *really* welcome good reading matter is, especially THE MONTH, which keeps one so well in touch with all that is happening in Europe, and lets one know what Catholics should think of such

matters. Often we have to speak about these things to Europeans out here—and it helps one enormously. Thanking you again for the great interest you show in our work. . .

If we are zealous to help missionaries, the zeal of the latter for helping the Forwarding Scheme is shown in many ways; one of the most charming is that of a priest in the Transvaal who offered to give up his MONTH to another, now that he can, with some little trouble, go to a library recently started in his locality. He didn't mind the trouble if a copy could be thus released for someone less fortunate. Added to this, although not now a beneficiary of the Forwarding Scheme, he regularly sends us fine packets of African stamps! In his last letter he said most consolingly :

Congratulations for your apostolic zeal on behalf of the poor missionaries . . . if you have worries, feed your courage on the thought that more than 300 missionaries are grateful to you and are specially praying for their benefactors.

We can spare no more space for Africa although from Liberia—the Negro Republic—we have had some most interesting letters. Tunisia, Palestine, Iraq and Transjordan, all places much in the public eye, contribute their quota, but the New World, and particularly the frozen wastes of Alaska, demand attention. An American Jesuit working there wrote lately :

I received the welcome news on March 25th that through the generosity of a reader THE MONTH is being supplied for me. It is so much appreciated out in these latitudes. I have just returned after many months of travel on a visit to our seaward missions. I found THE MONTH in evidence everywhere I went. . . Our summer starts about June and is ended in September, the rest of the year is winter, when reading matter is especially welcome.

One of his brethren in a far different climate, that of British Guiana, sent the following S.O.S., when shifted to a new post :

On arriving here six months ago at this new and enormous mission, I was surprised to find no MONTH coming

to the house, which makes a half-year seem like an æon ! My predecessor had a copy, but like a wise man he took it with him to the other end of the country. Not having access to *THE MONTH* I can't say whether the time is opportune to beg for a copy, but, as there is so much to be done here, in the way of talks, lectures, conferences and sermons (three on Sunday !) *THE MONTH* is simply a necessity. Send it to the "Priest in Charge." It is so much better for *the mission*, not the priest personally, to be supplied, especially when so sorely in need as this one. And if I move again you must again give me a copy somehow !

Fortunately a generous reader came forward and supplied this pressing need ! The result seems to have been wholly satisfactory, as his next letter shows :

Very many thanks for your letter and *THE MONTH*. I am extremely lucky to have had a subscription allotted to me—which is another way of saying God spoils me. Be sure I shall write to the generous reader who has provided this. With a very strong imagination you *might* guess what *THE MONTH* means in a desert of negation. One evening some non-Catholic young fellows dropped in to get my views on reincarnation, . . . after covering the theological and philosophical objections (the idea is a doctrine of "misfits" to soothe the discontented !) I brought up demoniacal possession, dual personality, etc., and, of course, Father Thurston's articles are quite invaluable in such queer matters. I happened to have some old *MONTHS* and lent one to the enthusiasts. The young men were much impressed, especially when I showed them that their doctrine of "misfits" was a poor substitute for the truth of God's indwelling in man. You see how much need there is here for spiritual enlightenment, and good Catholic literature is the natural means.

From South America to the West Indies, where our tour has, perforce, to be ended, with one last quotation from the *New World*. A Dominican Father writes :

I wonder if three of your readers would have the charity to supply three missionaries with *THE MONTH*, myself and two others, one in the Dutch West Indies and another, like myself in the British ? During the Abys-

sinian trouble I found THE MONTH (borrowed copies) more helpful than any other periodical. But quite apart from any particular question, when any copies have come my way, I have without fail found them full of most useful material. I should be so grateful if you could supply us.

It is from such letters as these I have quoted that one realizes as never before, the very real FAMINE which exists in the mission-field in the way of good reading matter. For most of us it is patently impossible to fulfil literally our Lord's command to "go and teach all nations": many, too, feel acutely they can give so little materially to help—and the result of that little help it is seldom granted to them to see. But those who help with the Forwarding Scheme see the result of their work with an almost overpowering vividness, and know without the possibility of doubt that they have brought, to repeat the words of one Bishop, "great joy to the heart of many a missionary," as well as supplying very real help to him in his always arduous task. Christmas time is the period specially appropriate for the making of such a gift, when even our offerings at the Crib are sent to the missions. Fifty-six requests are before us, each from a priest who has given up all to follow the divine command, to take the glad tidings of great joy to those who still sit in darkness. Are we going to let them wait any longer for this small consolation which it is within our power to give?

A. L. RUDD.

"THE MONTH" FORWARDING SCHEME

Readers who are willing to forward their "Month" to a missionary or to provide an annual subscription (14s.) for one to be sent direct to the more distant outposts are asked to communicate with The Hon. Secretary, "The Month" Forwarding Scheme, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Readers *must* enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and all names and addresses, whether of missionaries applying for "The Month," or readers providing it, *should be printed in capitals.*

FOREIGN STAMPS, particularly from British Colonies, are collected by the Secretary and sold for the work of the Forwarding Scheme. These should be cut off leaving roughly $\frac{1}{4}$ in. margin. If edges or backs are damaged they are useless.

THREE SURPRISING MYSTICS

I. DOMENICA DAL PARADISO

THE student of hagiography, especially the hagiography of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is liable to come across many strange incidents, recorded in all good faith, which even the most unquestioning believer in the miraculous is likely to find a little disturbing. But nothing perhaps is more astonishing than the fact that so many devout women of whom unusual marvels are recounted and who manifest every symptom of pronounced hysteria, not only produced a deep impression for good on those with whom they came in contact, but founded and governed fervent communities whose work has lasted on even to this day. I am proposing in the present article to deal with a remarkable case in point. Though it dates from the time of Pope Alexander VI, there is no reason to doubt that those to whom we owe the story were honest believers, men of high religious character, and, what is more, contemporaries.

The convent in Florence, popularly known as "La Crocetta," following the Dominican Rule, was certainly still flourishing in the early part of the last century, and, for all I know, is in existence at the present time. It was founded in the year 1513 by a devout peasant woman, Domenica dal Paradiso, whose mystical experiences, or alleged experiences, are among the most extraordinary on record. A process in view of her beatification was begun in the year 1624, and although it has never been brought to completion, the introduction of the cause, in virtue of the custom of those days, entitles her to be styled "Venerable." She is so designated in the very imposing folio or large quarto volume (of some 750 pages in all) which, with a well-engraved portrait, was partially printed in 1719 and only completed in 1802.¹

Domenica was an uneducated *contadina*, the daughter of peasants, who do not seem to have owned any recognized sur-

¹ B. M. Borghigiani, "Intera Narrazione della Vita, Costumi e Intelligenze Spirituali della Venerabile Sposa di Gesù Suor Domenica dal Paradiso." Firenze, 1719 and 1802. Although Borghigiani lived in the eighteenth century, he had full access to the immense mass of contemporary records preserved in the convent, most of them written by the hand of Francis de Onesti, who was Domenica's confessor for thirty-seven years.

name.¹ They grew fruit and vegetables and reared poultry at Paradiso, a hamlet on the outskirts of Florence, hawking the produce through the city as a means of livelihood. The child we are interested in was born on September 9, 1473. She is said to have raised her arms and eyes to heaven the moment she came into the world. The mother, a busy woman, gave her the breast only once in the day, in the early morning, and then went out to go about her work, but the infant was always contented and smiling. As she grew up she helped her parents in their rough field tasks and was clever with her fingers. She never had any money of her own, and anything she could beg from her mother she was apt to give away at once to the poor. It was a cherished tradition at La Crocetta in after times that when Domenica, then forty years of age, planned the foundation of her convent, she had no other resources than a pound of flax which she managed to obtain from home. This was spun and woven by herself and her associates until, by the sale of the linen, they were able to purchase more raw material and accumulate a little fund. It was recorded also that the workmen who built the convent found the walls they had left incomplete overnight raised by invisible hands to a much greater height when they came the next morning to continue their task.

But before we reach this stage in her life when Domenica settled down in a fixed abode with the companions she had gathered around her, she had been the subject of many strange religious experiences and had led seemingly a most tortured existence. So far as regards the outstanding external facts, she had lived at home with her mother, brother, and two sisters—the father died at a comparatively early age—until she was nineteen. Then, although we are assured that she had by revelation knowledge that this was not the Order to which God was ultimately to call her, she became an inmate of the convent called "degli Candelì." She remained there for a year and three-quarters, but eventually, by reason of ill-health or other causes not recorded, she had to leave, and returned to her family at Paradiso. There, after resisting importunities to get married, she bound herself by simple vow to wear the Bridgettine habit which in some miraculous way was procured for her. This seems to have been about the year 1494, and for the five years following she had to endure a most ter-

¹ One of the witnesses in the process, however, speaks of the husband as Francesco "Narducci or Nardini." The wife's name was Costanza.

rible time of domestic persecution, varied with long spells of ill-health. Finally, in one of the angry scenes which occurred, her mother assaulted her so violently that Domenica broke a blood vessel. She decided to seek a refuge in Florence if she could get anyone to take her in. Her brother pursued her and threatened to cut her in pieces if she did not return with him, but she refused to obey and found shelter with a group of women who were living together in some wretched hovel in the city. Here, for the best part of two years, she lived quite destitute of any means of support, and suffering from a variety of grievous infirmities which more than once brought her to death's door. But the worst trial of all, we are told, was the bitter enmity of two of the inmates who shamelessly calumniated her and tried to poison her. In the end she was offered hospitality by a Florentine of good position, a certain Jacopo Samminiati. She accepted, but once more found herself entangled (always, it is assumed, through the malice of the devil) in very unpleasant family jars in which Jacopo, his wife and a disreputable maid-servant all played their part. As the result of circumstances too complicated to explain, Domenica was summoned before the archiepiscopal court, and her alleged stigmata were made the subject of inquiry, but the ecclesiastics concerned in the examination found nothing upon her hands but *porri* (? warts). None the less, many believed in her sanctity, and Giovanni Samminiati, the brother of Jacopo, offered her a home in his own household. There she established herself, making great friends with his daughters, whom she trained to holiness, together with other young women—these forming the nucleus of the community for whom she built her convent in 1513. She obtained briefs of approval from Popes Leo X and Clement VII, and the new institute adopted the Dominican habit and rule. One of the points she insisted upon, appealing to a revelation made to her by our Lord, was that her nuns should be distinguished by the wearing of a small red cross on the outside of their mantle. The Dominican Fathers in Florence did not approve of this, but the foundress persisted and eventually gained her point. It appears that the name "La Crocetta" popularly given to the convent was due to this feature. Domenica remained there as Superior until her death in 1553, at the age of eighty. When her body was disinterred thirty-one years afterwards, it was found incorrupt, though no attempt had been made to embalm it after death.

But the most remarkable feature in the narrative of Domenica's life (as is the case with, say Teresa Higginson and so many other mystics of the same type) is her account of her extraordinary mystical experiences, the knowledge of which could not possibly have come from any other source than her own statement. I am not for the moment paying heed to her alleged extraordinary austerities in regard of food, sleep, etc., practised as a child, or again to the incredible variety of maladies, diabolical assaults and apparent accidents of which she was the victim. The briefest relation of these would fill many score of pages. As an illustration it may be sufficient to mention how, when twelve years old, in expiation of what she believed to be the irreverence of spitting some little time after she had received Communion, she went out into a field at night and spent *six hours* prostrate on the ground or scourging herself with an iron chain. Her body was livid with contusions and she was too weak to stand upright, but our Lord appeared to her then and healed all traces of what had taken place. So again she was bidden by her mother, Costanza, to climb a tall fig tree and gather the fruit. She obeyed, but tasting one of the figs she was so entranced with its sweetness that she broke out into transports of gratitude to God for His generous dealings with mankind. The devil, incensed by her piety, broke the bough upon which she was standing. She fell to earth, and in her fall was impaled through the throat upon a sharp-pointed stake just beneath her. The devil jeered at the disaster, but she, faint with loss of blood, called feebly upon our Lady. Then the Blessed Virgin came to her assistance, healed the wound and removed all traces of the blood. Domenica wanted to have a scar left as a memorial of the miracle, but the Madonna told her that she was to preserve the remembrance of it in her heart and not to speak of it until her heavenly bridegroom showed He wished her to. For further security, we are informed that the Blessed Virgin thoughtfully removed all traces of blood from the stake upon which the child had fallen.

It must be pretty clear that such alleged happenings as those last referred to, could depend only upon Domenica's own statement, and this, of course, must be equally true of all her innumerable visions, beginning with one of the Blessed Trinity, vouchsafed to her at the age of five. So again it must have been she who later on informed one of her directors that before she was admitted to make her first sacramental

confession, she used to accuse herself of her sins before a favourite statue of our Lady. On one occasion she earnestly begged to receive some assurance that she had obtained forgiveness, and thereupon the hands of the statue with those of the divine Child were laid upon her head.¹ Moreover, she declared that subsequently this marvellous favour was renewed almost daily.

Far more extraordinary are some of the prodigies which occurred to her later in life and which fill pages and pages of Borghigiani's smoothly flowing narrative. Let me begin with one which appears also in the depositions of the witnesses in the Beatification Process. Down to the end of her days Domenica seems to have been subject at intervals to that impulse which psychopathologists call the "fugue," a desire to run away and hide herself. She had conceived this idea of retiring into a desert before she was eleven years old, but when she was on the point of setting out, she was miraculously rooted to the spot and could move neither hand nor foot.² Only two or three years later she made a second attempt—so at least she told her confessor—and this time she found a tiny cave beside a running stream. It pleased her and she proposed to make it her home. It was so small that, when she lay down, half her body was in the water. She remained there two nights, but a voice from heaven told her to get up and go back, and when she returned she found that an angel had impersonated her and that the family had never remarked her absence. Her final attempt to run away was made more than fifty years later when she was Superior of the convent in Florence. She had made most artful preparations for escape, providing herself with money and a pilgrim's costume to throw over her habit. Moreover, she had planned to play the part of a male pilgrim, letting her skin get tanned and allowing her cropped hair to grow to an unusual length. But her nuns seem to have had an inkling of what she had in mind. They watched her closely and saw to it that she could not get possession of the street-door key.³ So, helped by a succession of more consoling visions, their venerated Mother resigned herself to stay.

It is not surprising that for so impressionable a character the reception of Holy Communion was, either in reality or in

¹ In the Middle Ages, and even later, the confessor commonly laid his hand on the penitent's head in giving absolution.

² Borghigiani, Part I, p. 88.

³ *Ibid.*, Part II, p. 55.

imagination, the centre of many marvels. Before she was allowed in her twelfth year to approach the holy table for the first time, she was possessed by such intense longing for this heavenly food that our Saviour, appearing to her, uncovered His side and squeezing out a drop of blood from the wound-mark He bore allowed it to fall upon her lips.¹ At her First Communion she fell into an ecstasy, and when she was again permitted to receive some time afterwards, she had this extraordinary experience :

She felt that the most holy sacrament was changed in her mouth into the form of an infant which descending into her heart made it languish with pure delight and then shifted its position in such a way that the head lay under her left arm-pit, while its feet were extended to her right side. In this way it was enthroned as it were upon her very heart and took possession of it. Domenica herself, meanwhile, rapt and enthralled, was sweetly crushed under the weight of this divine burden, nor could she make any movement until, with the help of her guardian angel, she was able to clasp her arm around the infant form within her, as a nurse carries a child at the breast. Indeed she saw with her eyes that her dress was bulging out over her bosom, while a most sweet perfume ravished her senses.²

A curious, but I fear not very reliable, confirmation of this physical fact is based upon the testimony of one of her confessors, Canon Benivieni, who directed her in Florence before she founded her convent. Domenica was believed to be grievously ill and the Canon accordingly came to visit her. Whilst he was standing at her bedside the Archangel Gabriel, as she averred, brought her Holy Communion, and at the bidding of the archangel—so, at least, she said—she turned towards her confessor with her mouth open in order that he might see the sacred particle upon her tongue. It was still white and round exactly as if it had just been taken from a ciborium. When she had swallowed the particle, and was as usual conscious of the presence of our Saviour within her in the form of a living infant, she said to him : “Oh, Father, I have the Infant Jesus.” He being struck by something significant in her tone, looked at the bedclothes which covered her

¹ Borghigiani, Part I, p. 40, and “Responsio” in the Process, p. 71.

² *Ibid.*, Part I, p. 154.

breast and later on averred that he saw a swelling and protuberance, suggesting the form of a little babe, which moved and disported itself. Then, after a while, the swelling was no longer perceptible, and Domenica expressed her distress that the divine infant had left her. It is admitted that Canon Benivieni had been much troubled with doubts as to the reality of the marvels which his penitent had confided to him, and such an ocular demonstration was clearly intended to allay his trouble of mind. But who shall say whether this was a heavenly favour of supernatural origin, or only the subtle device of an hysterical enthusiast, who felt the need of regaining the confidence of a valued friend who was beginning to distrust her?

Domenica's miraculous Communion was very numerous, and it would seem that they do not all rest entirely upon her own statement. In the Beatification Process we learn that Sister Caterina Tosi and other nuns who had actually lived with the foundress, used to assert, according to the second-hand testimony of the generation which succeeded them, that a Host flew from the altar through the grating to their venerated Mother, and that they all saw it. Earlier than this, one of her confessors who was celebrating Mass, complained that after carefully counting the number of particles necessary, one of them disappeared before the moment of Communion arrived. Later, explaining his trouble to the Reverend Mother Foundress, she smiled and admitted that she had that morning received two, one which came to her of itself owing to her intense longing and impatience to receive, the other in the ordinary course from his own hand.¹ There is also a story that in the ecstatic state into which she passed after Communion, her teeth closed upon the goblet of wine and water which was then given as a purification and that she bit a piece out of it.

Another extremely bizarre incident made prominent in all the printed Lives of Domenica is the story of the new heart which was given her in answer to her prayers. This also, like most of the other more incredible marvels, belongs to the very agitating period of her religious troubles before there was any question of her founding a community of nuns. She complained to our Lord that her heart was indifferent and cold and could never love Him properly. Jesus Christ re-

¹ This is recorded in the "Responsio ad Animadversiones" in the Beatification Process, p. 15.

plied: "I, O my spouse, will bestow upon thee a new heart and fresh blood, and this purified heart will always think of Me." Domenica was then in great agony of body and mind and had taken no food for eight days. On October 18, 1501, she seemed at the point of death and barely conscious. Then suddenly she felt her bosom opened, and she realized by some interior conviction that her heart had been withdrawn from her breast by the Mother of God herself. Thereupon her body and soul parted company, her body remained apparently lifeless and the ring, invisible to all but herself, with which her heavenly Bridegroom had espoused her, slipped from her finger. Her soul was conducted to paradise by St. Gabriel and her angel guardian, and there, by special privilege, it was raised to a clear understanding of the Divine Essence. Meanwhile, our Saviour instructed her guardian angel to enter her inert body which the household were preparing for burial. The angel obeyed and for three hours animated the body, making slight respirations or other movements, and murmuring a few indistinct words. Domenica's confessor was there in the room when suddenly the almost lifeless hand moved and, pointing, drew his attention to the left breast, while the lips whispered audibly: "I no longer have any heart." Thereupon the good Father, laying his hand upon the place indicated, found no protuberance but only a hollow and empty space between the ribs. Upon which he in turn drew the attention of those present to this singularity. Domenica's later confessor, Father Francis Onesti, recorded these details in writing, having first learnt them from Domenica herself. He states, however, that persons who were still living when he wrote had also remarked this cavity and believed they were looking at a corpse. Meanwhile, the soul of Domenica in paradise had been offered the choice of two hearts, one large, very splendid and luminous, the other smaller and less beautiful. When she had chosen the larger, our Lord told her that this was the new heart, while the other was that which had belonged to her hitherto. Then our Lady once more descended to earth, opened the body again and put the new heart into its place. Describing what had happened, Domenica assured her confessor that inasmuch as the new heart was bigger, it occasioned her great discomfort at first and produced a marked swelling in her breast. On the other hand, the restoration of this organ was attended with an effusion of delicate perfume perceived by all present.

For a long time the fragrance remained, but Domenica finding that people in consequence suspected her of using scent, begged our Lord eventually to take it away. He did so, but the spouse of Christ herself continued to be conscious of it, and on one occasion Father Francis Onesti was privileged to inhale the odour.¹

There are numberless other extraordinary things recorded in the life of Domenica, many of them, such as her levitations—on one occasion she is said to have flown a quarter of a mile through the air—her hyperæsthesias, her conflicts with the devil (whom she caught in a noose and at another time turned upon with a whip, flogging him soundly), her prophecies, etc., being common to other mystics of a similar type. But I cannot altogether pass over the extraordinary punishments she inflicted, or at least imagined she wished to inflict, upon herself to chastise her rebellious members. Her tongue was the great offender, and so once in a transport of remorseful fury she decided to cut it off. She took hold of her tongue and seized a knife, but as she tried to use it the tongue slipped out of her fingers. Then she got a board, put out her tongue on top of it, laid the edge of the knife upon her tongue with her left hand, while with the right she hammered the back of the knife with a mallet. By the intervention of heaven, however, such toughness was imparted to the tissues of that delicate member that her blows made no impression. After many efforts she only succeeded in cutting off a small piece, but as our Lord thereupon appeared to her, rebuked her for her intemperate zeal and restored the detached morsel to its place, there was no material evidence to prove that any damage had been attempted.² On another occasion she tried to heat an iron red hot to scorch and brand that same little "world of iniquity," but the fire refused to heat the iron and her purpose was again frustrated.³ She also made an effort to cut out her own heart because it was so cold and unruly. She got a knife, but it would not penetrate. Then she took another with a sharper edge, but although she inflicted a wound which apparently bled very freely, she was far from achieving her design of making a hole through which she could insert her hand and tear out her heart by the roots. This happened on August 10, 1507, and the attempt was consequently made upon

¹ All this was duly brought to the notice of the Congregation of Rites in the Beatification Process. See especially the "Responsio," pp. 97—98.

² Borghigiani, Part I, p. 429.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 471.

the new heart which had been supplied to her six years earlier. Francis Onesti, her then confessor, seems to have seen later another wound, described as apparently a clean cut made with a razor. This was supposed to have been caused by the bursting open of her breast unable to contain the pent-up fires of love within. Her undergarment was stiff with blood, and her angel guardian directed her, so she informed him, to give this interesting relic to Father Francis himself. We know that it was preserved in the convent for many years, and it may quite possibly be found there to this day.

As a final illustration I must not omit to mention the renewal of strength and courage which Domenica on many occasions derived from sucking milk from the breast of our Lady. This is, of course, a privilege which other mystics, notably the Dominican, Alan de Rupe, claim to have enjoyed, but Domenica was specially favoured. In one case she not only drew milk from the breast of our Lady but, at the same time, blood from the side of our Lord; in another the milk she had sucked so strengthened her that she went without food for many days afterwards; in yet a third she was able to preserve a drop and give it to her confessor. It was white as any pearl, and luminous. The confessor tasted it, and its flavour was of such delicate sweetness that it dissipated any doubts he still retained regarding his penitent's mystical experiences.¹

It may be thought that the greater part of what I have here recounted is pure fiction, as extravagant a romance as the apocryphal "passions" of the early martyrs who, after being indescribably tortured and hacked to pieces, were restored to health each night only to face a new set of torments the next morning with unimpaired vitality. This, however, would be a serious misconception. There is a fundamental difference between the cases. In that of the martyrs the fictitious details were invented by pious enthusiasts who lived centuries later. They, more or less deliberately, concocted a pious romance. Here, the fictitious element originated in the morbid imagination of the visionary herself, and her dreams were duly recorded by contemporaries as statements of fact. That Domenica did possess some unwonted faculty of a psychic nature I am inclined to believe, but further discussion is impossible here.

¹ See Borghigiani, Part I, pp. 333, 338, 439.

There is an immense mass of manuscript and printed evidence bearing on the case of the Ven. Domenica. When the second part of Borghigiani's biography was printed in 1802, six or eight folio volumes were still preserved written by the hand of Francesco Onesti de Castiglione, Domenica's confessor for thirty-seven years, who died in fact half a dozen years before she did. They are the notes he accumulated concerning his interesting penitent, many of them written in diary form. A portion of the material was apparently obtained from Canon Benivieni, or some other of her early confessors, but the mass, taken as a whole, simply represents what Domenica reported to her various directors as her mystical experiences. There is also the "*Summarium de Virtutibus*,"¹ an abstract of the depositions of some forty-five witnesses who gave evidence in the Process for her Beatification in 1624—1630. Unfortunately, only one of all these witnesses had ever set eyes on the Foundress, and she, a nun aged eighty-nine belonging to another Order, could only say that she had once been taken to "*La Crocetta*" as a child and remembered that the Reverend Mother was reputed to be a holy woman. All that the witnesses could attest was that they heard this or that reported by an earlier generation of nuns who had been the subjects of Mother Domenica in her later years. Moreover, many of them when questioned about the source of these traditions said frankly that Father Francis Onesti, who had been the Foundress's confessor for so long, was the ultimate authority from whom these marvellous incidents had been learnt. Indeed Father Francis himself seems to have come in contact with Domenica only in 1504 or 1505, and informs us that in the account he has given of her previous life he has recorded what he had learnt from the Mother Foundress's own lips. It is, unfortunately, only too plain that the information derived from an hysterical subject, dominated by visions and other wild fantasies, is only calculated to mislead if we attempt to treat it as sober history.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ A copy of this publication with the "*Responsio ad Animadversiones*" is in the British Museum.

TWO BOOK FAIRS OF 1938

A BROADSIDE, "In Praise of Books," issued at *The Sunday Times* 1938 Book Fair at Earls Court, quotes Lord Horder as declaring that "Books are a Maginot Line against hysteria and lies." This is not altogether a happy simile, for the Maginot Line has never been tested; and even had the test been applied, and the attack successfully withstood, there would still be no parallel; for if there is one thing certain about books in these days when the printing press is used for partisan purposes by every political extremist and fanatical revolutionary, it is that they are no barrier against hysteria and no real guarantors of truth. Books *can* provide the antidote to hysteria; and they *can* give us the truth. One event of 1938 amply demonstrated the weakness of Lord Horder's simile, and another did much to restore the printing press to the position from which it has been tumbled in recent years by the exponents of propaganda of the Left.

The one was *The Sunday Times* National Book Fair itself; the other the Catholic Book Fair held in Westminster Cathedral Hall on November 24th—26th. *The Sunday Times* enterprise blossomed in its sixth year into a "national" event and justified its promoters' move from Dorland House, where it had been accommodated in previous years, to the impressive but not beautiful buildings of the new Earls Court. The Catholic Book Fair was the first of its kind. Neither event received the attention its importance merited. Yet the Earls Court function was symptomatic of something which Catholics dare not overlook. The Catholic effort was, of course, completely ignored by the lay Press, though it also was symptomatic: symptomatic of something which our lay Press is determined shall get no publicity: the spark of truth that ever survives, a bright star amid the gathering clouds of materialism that darken our land; and which one day, if Catholics will but tend it and fan it, may yet shed the clear light of Catholicism all over England.

These two events have an importance all their own because they serve to focus attention on a vital sector of the battle line in the fight between Good and Evil. And that sector is the field of the printed word, where the forces of doubt and darkness strive against the Light for mastery over the minds

of men. This attack by the forces of materialism in the field of literature is a fact which we dare not overlook, for it forms one of the most important departments in the campaign of organized atheism to capture the intelligentsia in every country marked down for revolution.

Practically every sound commentary on the contemporary Spanish conflict draws attention to the masses of irreligious and immoral literature which flooded the cities and industrial centres of Spain in the years just preceding the outbreak of violence. The printing press was used in every form, from the production of the cheapest of throwaways to splendidly-produced magazines; from the flimsiest of pamphlets to the expensive "expert" treatise prepared for the student. The first signs of a similar campaign, for some time obvious on our bookstalls and in less reputable bookshops, were to be seen at Earls Court. And that visitors were conscious of this was proved by the number, many of them non-Catholics, who voiced their apprehension in conversation with the writer, who was in attendance at the Catholic Truth Society stall every day throughout the Fair. Criticisms of the materialistic and "Left" atmosphere of the Fair were joined to expressions of relief at finding, amidst so much subversive propaganda and unbelief, the uncompromising stand made by the C.T.S. and other Catholic stalls¹ for the truths of revealed religion and the Christian conduct of life.

The Book Fair at Earls Court was termed "National," and we will not quarrel with the adjective, despite the absence of more than a few names of national repute. But if the description is a true one, it bodes ill for the future of this country. The materialist attack on national literature has already succeeded better than we knew.

There was, of course, much to interest and amuse; much of the valuable and the beautiful; but throughout the Fair there ran a streak of "red" that gave to the general atmosphere a most disagreeable and sinister hue. And it is a matter for grave concern that a national exhibition of contemporary English print should contain so much in open conflict with the Christian tradition of this land. For the information of readers who did not visit the Fair, as well as for those whose too-rapid survey prevented them from obtaining a true impression, a few instances may be given.

¹ Besides the C.T.S., Messrs. Burns & Oates, *The Tablet*, and "Art Notes" were represented.

First and foremost there was the obvious and open use being made of the occasion to pursue the disreputable campaign of calumny against Catholic Spain. Two stalls were given over to this completely, one taking the more subtle form of attack via the Arts, the other the cruder form of direct attack by means of pamphlets and leaflets purporting to describe the horrors of "the Fascist invasion" and the tyranny of General Franco. Copious photographs illustrated the destruction of churches and other historical buildings by "Franco's Fascist bombers." The memory of the Reds is conveniently short when Nemesis is at the door. The Church, of course, was attacked for siding with Franco, and evidence of the Spanish Bishops' opposition to "the Spanish people" was given in the form of a photograph depicting a number of them giving the Nationalist salute. Presumably they should have been giving the clenched-fist salute of their brothers' murderers.

It was sad but illuminating to find one of these stalls tended by a young man who denied the divinity of Christ. A strange champion of the most traditionally Catholic country on the Continent!

This was perhaps a more striking illustration of the general Antichristian character of the Red Government than the literature itself afforded. Stall after stall presented exhibits of diverse exteriors and format but of one and the same interior purpose—the undermining of the old Christian standards of thought and moral conduct. In this infidel technique some displays excelled; notably, as might be expected, that associated with the organizers of the infamous Anti-God Congress. I know these people dislike this description of their meeting, but the Congress speeches of Zavadovsky of the U.S.S.R., of Professor Leuba of the U.S.A., of Cotereau of France, of Dr. Novak of Czechoslovakia, and the resolution moved in French by Dr. Terwagne and in English by Mr. Bradlaugh-Bonner, and reported in *The Literary Guide and Rationalist Review* for October, 1938, provide all the evidence needed to confirm the description as correct.

On these two stalls were gathered an imposing array of books of the kind you will find extolled in the columns of *The Freethinker* and similar publications; works by a number of more or less well-known professors, scientists, and writers, many of whom supported and took part in the proceedings of the "World Union of Freethinkers' International Congress,

1938," to give it the title preferred by *The Literary Guide*. These volumes rubbed jackets with the ancient and ineffective Antichristian efforts of Joseph McCabe—also a shining light in the godless Conway Hall proceedings.

A recent but worthy addition to the literature of atheism was given special prominence. The pretentious and futile "Life of Christ," by Hall Caine, was thrust upon the notice of visitors with a determination that allowed no escape. "Here," say the publishers, "is the most revealing and significant study of Christ that modern times have produced, written for the twentieth-century man and woman." "Its great value," declares a commentator who actually claims the name of Christian, "lies in the fact—not that it is true and founded on solid research but—that it is the sincere work of a brilliant, imaginative writer." A perusal of the author's conclusions, as displayed on the stall, quickly discloses the purpose of the book. Its attack on the doctrine of the divinity of Christ would no doubt please the World Union of Freethinkers and the motley crew of rationalist professors that keep on saying—not, alas! merely in their hearts—"there is no God." But to the Christian who recognizes in Christ the God who gave His human life for our salvation, this pitiful relic of the "brilliant, imaginative," but very second-class literary man, can appear only as further evidence of the decay of religious thought in this country—and as a new victory for the subversive forces that are preparing the way for the atheistic revolution.

The display commemorating the fourth centenary of the "Open Bible" served rather to accentuate the non-Christian atmosphere of most of the other stands. And one can only marvel at the paradox presented by the inclusion of the records of God's revelation in an exposition mainly devoted to repudiating, directly or implicitly, their truth. What becomes of the Bible, open or otherwise, if any sciolist is free to re-edit its contents according to his fancy without being laughed out of court for his impertinence. Worse even than the exhibition's advocacy of atheist Spain was this display of indifference to the Christian traditions of England.

To give one more example of the strange mentality pervading Earls Court Book Fair, we will turn to the sacred cause of peace. This is where the political extremist and the materialist join hands; for the one may here vent his political spleen apparently as he pleases without incurring censure,

and the other can utilize men's desire for peace as camouflage for the Comintern's plan for provoking war. Thus we have a spate of books, from the popular sixpenny to the expensive political and historical studies, written for the purpose of heaping abuse on the heads of every political regime with which the writer happens personally to disagree or which is successfully opposing the world threat of atheistic Communism. All these books pretend to be written in defence of "democracy," yet they all seem equally to have a strong liking for the special brand of democracy which has put to death all the best democrats in Spain save those who managed to escape to the "Fascist" side. This campaign of abuse of one's neighbour—a strong point in the tactics of revolution as laid down in the Programme of the Communist International—is carried even into the realm of children's books. Under the description of "Pretty Stories and Funny Pictures" we are treated to cartoons that are not at all pretty, and verses that are not at all funny, parodying the old nursery rhymes such as "Baby, Baby Bunting," in which we are told that "Father's gone to shoot a Yid to make a supper for his kid." And the natural, humanitarian, but false pacifism, which the horrors of modern warfare have evoked so widely, but which denies the Christian doctrine of the just war, found abundant literary expression mostly from pens that deny all other Christian doctrines.

An important feature of *The Sunday Times* Book Fair was the extensive programme of "Talks" arranged to take place at intervals each day of the Fair. Here again the "Left" tendency was marked, as the following names taken at random from the list of speakers will show: Professor Lancelot Hogben, the Hon. Harold Nicolson, Professor J. B. S. Haldane, Sir Norman Angell, and—believe it or not after Christopher Hollis's exposure of the lady in *The Tablet* (November 5, 1938)—the Frenchwoman, Mme. Tabouis.

To turn from Earls Court to Westminster Cathedral Hall was like turning from a thick fog into bright sunshine. In his opening address His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster struck a note that emphasized the falsity of Lord Horder's simile:

The printing press [said His Eminence] to-day, I fear, works even more evil than parliaments, wars, and armies, because our people are misled by the deluge of wicked, untruthful, and dangerous propaganda. . . It is good

literature that we here to-day wish to promote and encourage. In their efforts to make known this good literature the promoters of this Fair want to put you in touch with the leading Catholic minds of our time and of all time.

Is it too much to urge that our Catholic publishers will recall these words when applications for space at next year's "National" Book Fair are being invited; and that by ensuring as generous a leaven as possible of books by our leading Catholic writers they will provide the essential antidote to the dangerous propaganda that is so rife to-day in the English book world? For if there is one thing the mass of indiscriminating readers in this country need to-day, it is to be "put in touch with the leading Catholic minds of our time and of all time."¹

That inquiring minds visit Book Fairs was amply proved by the many conversations enjoyed by the few Catholic stallholders at Earls Court with non-Catholic visitors. Particularly was this noticeable at the C.T.S. stand, where, in effect, at least 50 per cent of the actual business done was with non-Catholics. It may be allowed that the C.T.S. carried out one of the main objectives of its founders in having a stand at the Earls Court Book Fair of 1938, and thus "bringing before non-Catholics" the truths of the Catholic Faith. Whatever good the Society was able to do amidst the prevailing welter of unbelief was made possible only by the fact that its publications were there, *on the spot*.

The printing press was invented by Catholics, and Catholics were the first printers. Like so many other great inventions it has become an agency for evil as much as for good. If this evil is to be countered and effectively dealt with in such concentrations as "national" book fairs, there must be a far more representative Catholic rally at Earls Court, or wherever else the National Fair may be held, this coming year.

T. W. C. CURD.

¹ The revival of the Catholic "Everyman's Library," mentioned by Archbishop Goodier at the Westminster Fair, would be a timely move in the right direction. Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Messrs. Sheed & Ward and Messrs. Sands & Co., may be commended for the series of cheap reprints of very valuable books which they are issuing.

OBSTINATE QUESTIONINGS

A NOTE ON THE POEM "SOLITUDE" OF MISS SACKVILLE-WEST

SO far as is known, men of the Old Stone Age did not brood very much. They appear to have taken life with a certain heartiness, as we may observe in their art, and so they survived the mammoth and the dinothere, those frightful beasts, which were too ruminative and ponderous for their own good. Centuries in thousands sped away, with flood and fire and earthquake and pestilence and famine punctuating their progress. There were ceaseless wars, too, because man is the most combative of animals, yet in spite of nature's convulsions and his own earnest efforts at self-destruction, this puny, magnificent, undefeated creature managed to keep going. The reason for it was that while the world grew old his heart remained young. But at last a *dies irae* dawned, fatal to his contentment. He awoke to the fact that he was living in a changing world, and became conscious of mutability. Where were the mammoths of yester-year?

Then poetry came on earth, with shouting, and great feasting, and brandishing of innumerable spears. It seemed to be a reprieve for cheerfulness, but, alas! there was a *trahison des clercs* from the beginning, and even Homer, the valiant optimist, must grow pensive watching the alchemy of autumn: *Οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοίη δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν*—the generations of men are like those of leaves. After that, poetry was committed to sable, though now and again it might wear a gay feather in its cap or a trimming of gold. *Carpe diem, Eheu fugaces! Nox est perpetua una dormienda*, such became its favourite themes, and its sweetest songs were those that told of saddest thought:

Ah! Postumus, they fleet away
Our years, nor piety one hour
Can win from wrinkles and decay
And Death's indomitable power.

But the conspiracy to make us grieve, to convince us that "never to be born is best," to show us that life is only a "long fool's errand to the grave,"¹ was not exclusively poetic.

¹ A Greek sentiment taken over by A. E. Housman.

Philosophers, historians, scientists, and even geographers joined in. Here is Pausanias, writing eighteen hundred years ago a variation on the eternal theme :

All things alike, strength as well as weakness, growth as well as decay, are subject to the mutations of fortune, whose resistless force sweeps them along at her will. Mycenae, which led the Greeks in the Trojan War; Nineveh, where was the palace of the Assyrian kings; Boeotian Thebes, once deemed worthy to be the capital of Greece : what is left of them? Mycenae and Nineveh lie utterly desolate, and the name of Thebes is shrunk to the limits of the acropolis and a handful of inhabitants. . . Delos, once the common mart of Greece, has now not a single inhabitant. . . Of that Babylon which was once the greatest city that the sun beheld, nothing is left but the walls. And it is the same with Tiryns in Argolis. . . So transient and frail are the affairs of men.¹

Fuimus Troes; fuit Ilium! Certainly, to walk in a stillness broken only by the croaking of frogs or the picks of American excavators along the ruined streets of Ephesus and Corinth is a most effective *memento mori*. But living cities, too, are eloquent of transience, though the lion and the lizard of their *Rubaiyat* be only a hansom-cab, and the wild ass a speculative builder stamping in Berkeley Square.

It is a far cry from Berkeley Square to Sirius, more than half a million times the distance of the sun, in fact. And Sirius for all its bravery in the midnight sky is only one of thirty thousand million suns. What might not the ancient poets have said about human insignificance with that devastating bit of knowledge in their possession? At the first dawn of science Anaxagoras had put the Spartans in their place by giving out that "the sun surpassed the Peloponnesus in size," as we learn from the argumentative St. Hippolytus in his "Refutation of all the Heresies." To-day, we are assured by Sir James Jeans, not only that a million earths could be packed inside the sun and leave room to spare, but that twenty-five million suns could be packed inside the star Betelgeuse. Having explained that the probable number of stars in the universe is twenty quadrillions, or 2 with 25 zeros streaming like a comet's tail behind, Sir James Jeans points the moral : "The same number of grains of sand spread over England would

¹ "Description of Greece," tr. Frazer, Vol. I, pp. 416-417.

make a layer hundreds of yards in depth. Let us reflect that our earth is one-millionth part of one such grain of sand, and our mundane affairs, our troubles and our achievements, begin to appear in their correct proportion to the universe as a whole."¹ That is all very fine and humbling, but a philosopher might like Sir James Jeans to tell him how he was to set his private toothache or his elation at winning a game of golf in correct mathematical proportion to the bulk of Betelgeuse.

Imagination staggers under the burden of inauspicious stars imposed upon it by the astronomers, and poets, being of imagination all compact, are consequently the greatest sufferers. Even in his day when the earth was still worth calling a world, Plato deprecated star-gazing as bad for the soul. He had small use for poets in any case, but poets obsessed with Betelgeuse would have been given hemlock in his Republic. A modern poet of the first rank, Miss Victoria Sackville-West, began with a glorious contempt for astronomical monsters. Who that has read it could ever forget her exquisite little *caprice*, "Full Moon," which is surely autobiographical :

She was wearing the coral taffeta trousers
Someone had brought her from Ispahan,
And the little gold coat with pomegranate blossoms,
And the coral-hafted feather fan ;
And she ran down a Kentish lane in the moonlight
And skipped in the pools of the moon as she ran.

She cared not a rap for all the big planets,
For Betelgeuse or Aldebaran,
And all the big planets cared nothing for her,
The small, impertinent charlatan,
But she climbed on a Kentish stile in the moonlight,
And laughed at the sky through the sticks of her fan.

Alas ! the wisdom of laughing at the sky did not endure, and in Miss Sackville-West's latest volume of poems, entitled "Solitude," Betelgeuse has his revenge. Like everything which she writes, they are distinguished poems, full of solemn Lucretian music. There broods over them, too, the Lucretian courage and sadness—*quantum est in rebus humanis inane*—but none of the great Roman's resignation. In her impatience with answers halting or short of completeness, she is more akin to that other noble rebel, Thomas Hardy, though her

¹ "Eos, or the Wider Aspects of Cosmogony," p. 21.

problem is the slipperiness of Time, while his was the ravages of pain :

Then in a rage with hours that eat my span,
Once more I grudge those steps pedestrian
Nonsensically making for the grave.
The world's remarkable, and I no slave.
Ardent, I'd buy from weary folk their leisure,
To them a burden but to me a treasure.
I'd sell advantages, to me of naught,
If Time with trash and trifles might be bought ;
If idle Time for barter might be found,
Time wasted, onerous, Time sorry, lost,
Then would I spend and never count the cost,
The silver shilling and the golden pound.

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus! It is Miss Sackville-West's Catullan zest of life that makes her hate "the pestering clock," and want to "wring the last midnight minute to its end." Poets have differed a good deal on that point, for, in addition to bedroom slumbers, Virgil hankered after "*molles sub arbore somni*," and Keats who was afraid that he might die before his "high-piled books" were completed, yet wrote a prayer to Sleep :

Save me from curious conscience that still lords
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole ;
Turn the key deftly in the oilèd wards,
And seal the hushèd casket of my soul.

On the other hand, Miss Sackville-West has the saints with her, almost to a man and woman. They, too, for their own reasons, resented the blank hours which the body claimed as its tribute, and paid the tax with the worst grace in the world.

But the saints would gravely contest the philosophy of *carpe diem*, or rather in Miss Sackville-West's case, *carpe noctem*, for, like Shelley, she is in love with the Night. They would urge that the total of sensations, of "gay, Elizabethan moods," which a human being *might* experience is almost infinite, and that equally no human being could ever possibly taste a millionth of them. My little secret golden thrills, maybe from hearing a child singing in a garden at evening in Wimbledon, or from watching a catalpa tree in bloom on a piazza in Sienna, or from smelling the unforgettable, forgotten bazaar smells of Damascus, these are as individual to me as my finger-prints, mere nothings, yet brimful of an

ecstasy which you can never share because you are you and I am a totally different creature. With experience, it is like a little boy at a feast who grabs at everything, only to find a measure of castor oil in his grubby fist as the *Hic jacet* on his acquisitiveness. If we start hoarding beauty or love or any other good thing in this perishable world, we soon find that Mother Nature, who is an even-handed dame, does not approve. The biggest hoarder known to history admitted in the end that it was all vanity and vexation of spirit. And Miss Sackville-West, too, recants, in the last lines of her beautiful sad poem :

Who would not rather in this world of sin
Sleep in forgetfulness? Choose sleep and death,
Choose night not day for his eternal round,
Running his ship most finally aground,
And on the reefs exhale his proudest breath?

Such defiant barratry would, however, be a poor answer to the challenges of Time, leaving it more than ever the victor. *Eterniser le temps* was the saints' solution for the problem of transience. But it is a solution that cannot be reached by feverishly wringing the minutes as they pass, or, in Proustian fashion, carefully pinning down the least of their memories. To the Christian, eternity is not a reality beyond this life, but a reality that enfolds and penetrates this life, sometimes so intensely that "bright shoots of everlastingness" may transmute even the senses. Time, as was greatly said, is the moving image of Eternity, and already in his mortal flesh a man can learn to play the immortal. In the lives of the saints, who are the only truly effective philosophers, Time meant *leise Dialoge taeglicher Stunden mit der Ewigkeit*—whispered converse of the daily hours with eternity. Such unbroken converse made it possible for them to take even death in their stride, as part of the day's business, like Ignatius Loyola, whose very last concern as he lay dying, and knew himself to be dying, was about a house that he wanted purchased. Or there was Thomas More, on such good terms with eternity that he could make jokes as he went to meet it.

Lost angel of a ruined Paradise, man dreams even in his flesh of deification. God meant him to be divine, to share His own eternal nature, and still, fallen but redeemed, he has the choice between "la divinisation de plus en plus vivace par l'acquiescement à Dieu, et la pseudo-divinisation de

l'orgueil et du sang." The apotheosis of the self through pride, or the surrender of the self to God in utter humility, there is the tremendous alternative. Those who assert that the surrender leads nowhere are not usually people who have made it without reservation. The saints have a different story to tell, a story of absolute triumph over Time's illusions, and what the others, the *flâneurs* of the spiritual world, say, is not evidence.

But a poet might argue that he cannot be expected to commit himself until he is sure of God and immortality. If he is a true poet, a genuine creator, and not merely a deft arranger of words and emotions,¹ he has enough evidence to act on in his own heart's experience. Are not its hunger for beauty, its thirst for truth, its terrible sense of contingency, themselves intimations of God and eternal life? Could mindless processes of nature have produced a Thomas Hardy to pour his scorn on such "purblind Doomsters" and to ask the tragic questions:

How arrives it joy lies slain
And why unblooms the best hope ever sown?

Even when denying God, this modern Lucretius was constrained to postulate "dysangels" to bear the responsibility for human suffering, so impossible is the thought of a cosmos without some sort of providence. So, too, Miss Sackville-West calls God to account, though she is only half convinced of His existence:

I take this verse and wonder as I float
On quiet waters, why, with this alloy
Of beauty mixed with treason
God should invent, create, and then destroy,
And blast us with the irony of reason?

At any rate, it would be a far more impossible irony for the cosmic process, supposing it mindless, to turn round like the curve of a hyperbola and glare in its own face. When T. H. Huxley preached that, as moral beings, we have a duty to fight the cosmic process because it wars against ethics or

¹ Which is surely what A. E. Housman was:

The chestnut casts his flambeaux, and the flowers
Stream from the hawthorn on the wind away;
The doors clap to, the pane is blind with showers.
Pass me the can, lad; there's an end of May.

Beautiful, but that can, in a manner of speaking, about puts the lid on it, as great emotional poetry.

at least pursues a policy of non-intervention on the side of good, he sawed away the bough on which he was perched, the Golden Bough of his agnosticism. If man is so much at odds with himself and his environment in this world as the poets never tire of proclaiming, then surely the explanation must be that he belongs to another environment. Why should he be so different from all other animals if he has the same origin and destiny?

They do not weep and wail and moan
For what is past or what's to be,
Or what's not yet or may be never;
They do not their own lives disown,
Nor haggle with Eternity
For some unknown Forever.

If the transience of things so unsettles man, may not the reason be that he is made for the permanent and eternal, just as we know that a retriever is made for the moors when we see him restless and unhappy in a trim suburban garden?

But there is still Betelgeuse, that whale of a star capable of swallowing twenty-five million trifling Jonahs like the sun. Some people find those stellar immensities a real difficulty to belief in the Incarnation. Even Pascal, whose "*roseau pensant*" is the best retort to Betelgeuse, confessed: "*Le silence de ces espaces infinis m'effraie.*" On the other hand, the heavens can create a sort of peace and substitute for Christian humility in hearts that do not read in them the glory of God:

So, when I go, and in the darkness seek
Proportion measured by a light afar
And see myself brief dweller on a meek
Mean planet slewed around a middling star,
Then am I shamed into a truthfulness
That neither recks of this world or the next,
And all my little self to nothingness
Dwindles, unvexed, unsexed, and unperplexed.

But Miss Sackville-West does not remain long unperplexed, and asks with powerful insistency concerning the "tremendous legend" of the Passion:

Why, why, and why and endless why again?
Why, God, Almighty God, why stoop so low
To favour in your unexplained design
So small a planet by so great a sign?

Surely, the only answer is the famous one with which the March Hare silenced Alice at the tea-party: **WHY NOT?**

There can be no great and small for Omnipotence, which, as science has begun to learn, manifests its wonders no less in the worlds of the microscope than in those of the telescope. In any case, are not men and stars as incommensurable as sounds and colours? The blind man who thought that purple might be like the blast of a trumpet was more a poet than a physicist. Betelgeuse may be vast, but it does not know that it has accommodation for twenty-five million suns. Puny man found out that with his few ounces of a brain, so it is difficult to see why he should bow and scrape before the stars. There was more reason for it when people used to imagine that they were, not mostly gas as fair science now reports, but things alive and dangerous.

What other purpose the stars may serve besides showing forth the glory and greatness of God is a question on which theology is dumb. We want to know too much, like our mother Eve in the Garden, which perverse ambition indicates in its own way that life on this meek mean planet was not intended to exhaust our possibilities. Our trouble with the stars is mostly due to what wise Bishop Butler called "the trespasses of the imagination," helped out by the trespasses of popular lecturers' imaginations, who talk about the mysterious universe with as much assurance as if they had themselves created it. Size is one of the least relevant things in the world of values to which our souls belong. We do not think that a man's goodness corresponds to his pounds avoirdupois or his beauty to his inches, so why should we let Betelgeuse oppress our hearts and eclipse the holy mystery of our Redemption? Mere quantity never adds quality to anything, and all considered, the glow-worm's lamp need not fear competition with the mighty lantern of the sun. As was finely said in an exquisite book, "tall buildings are not more beautiful than a flower nor twenty harps sweeter than a singing-bird."

Like many another earnest searcher of the skies, Miss Sackville-West demands a sign from God :

God, integrator of this strange concern,
Give us a sign. Regard, O God, our need,
Give us a sign. We die without your heed.
We only ask to learn if you will teach
Class by enormous class, or each by each,
Speak once, creator God, and we will hear ;
Speak once, creator God, and we will learn.

Alas ! it does not work out so.

There was a certain rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen. And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus who lay at his gate, full of sores. And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. And the rich man also died, and he was buried in Hell. And lifting up his eyes when he was in torments, he saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. . . And he said, Father, I beseech thee that thou wouldst send him to my father's house, for I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them, lest they also come into this place of torments. And Abraham said to him : They have Moses and the prophets ; let them hear them. But he said : No, Father Abraham, but if one went to them from the dead, they would do penance. And he said to him : If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe if one rise again from the dead.

Christians hold on evidence as irrefragable as any on which the most assured findings of history repose that One *did* rise again from the dead. Men of His time also asked for a sign and that was the sign which He gave them, but only a handful believed in Him. It is still as good a sign as ever it was, so until we have devoted to it the fairest and sincerest inquiry, we are surely not justified in demanding other signs. God is not one to whom we can dictate our terms, for if we would ever find Him at all, we must, by the nature of the case, find Him on *His* terms. "If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me, ye shall ever surely find Me."

Besides, suppose that God did elect to answer the demand for a sign, suppose that He wrote His name across the sky in letters of fire, as was Thomas Paine's modest requirement, what would be the result ? Would scientists, the first article of whose creed is that miracles are impossible, be converted ? Not they. We should merely be deluged with monographs, abstruse or popular, showing that the interesting phenomenon was simply a very rare case of atmospheric refraction, probably occasioned by dust from the collision of asteroids. You would not budge a modern scientist if you stood up a whole army of dead men in front of him. He would say that they were not the same men or that they had not been properly dead or that some hitherto unguessed law of chemistry had sud-

denly started working. He would say anything except that it was the finger of God. As far as modern science is concerned, the old epigram posted on the gates of the Paris cemetery applies to the whole universe :

De par Physique, défense à Dieu
De faire des miracles en ce lieu.

No doubt, the ordinary man would be mightily impressed if such a sign appeared, and perhaps would give up smoking and start going to church again. But with familiarity even a miracle must drop to the level of things taken for granted, like sunsets and the return of spring. So, unless God poured out an unending variety of new signs, thus destroying what for thoughtful minds is the greatest sign of all, the order of nature, the ordinary man would soon relapse into his indifference. It is not signs that we need to believe in God but humble hearts and the habit of reflection. Looked at with candid eyes, every common bush is afire with God and every blade of grass a miracle.

T. E. Brown who made the unfortunate remark that "a garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!", also wrote a powerful intellectual poem entitled "Dartmoor." In it "Homo," the hero, watching a glorious sunset, apostrophizes God as follows :

Call you this *speech*?
O God, if it be speech,
Speak plainer,
If Thou would'st teach
That I shall be a gainer!
The age of picture-alphabets is gone;
We are not now so weak;
We are too old to con
The horn-book of our youth. Time lags—
O, rip this obsolete blazon into rags!
And speak! O speak!

Once again, if God elected to speak in the way that Brown demanded, if He sent His message reverberating like thunder through the heavens, would the scientists and the sceptics be any more satisfied? Of course not. Sound belongs to physics just as much as light, and God is not wanted in our laboratories. Notice would be taken of His voice, but only to list it with the efforts of that "talking mongoose" in Manxland and other as yet imperfectly understood mysteries of acoustics.

When God speaks, He speaks to the heart, and the listening heart can hear Him above all the noises of the world.

Behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind. And after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake. And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire. And after the fire a still, small voice. . .

God is so near to us, no further away than the distance between one thought and another, and yet we must hunt for Him, like St. Augustine, among the constellations :

I asked the whole frame of the world about my God, and it answered me, "I am not He, but He made me. . ." O Thou Beauty ever ancient ever new, too late I loved Thee ! And behold Thou wert within me, and I abroad, and there I searched for Thee, plunging amidst those fair forms which Thou hadst made. Thou wert with me, but I was not with Thee. Things held me far from Thee, which, unless they were in Thee were not at all. Thou didst call and shout and burst my deafness. Thou didst flash and shine and scatter my blindness. . . Thou didst touch me and I burned for Thy peace.

In the long run peace, God's peace, is discovered to be the daughter of humility. One who knew God if ever He was known said that only those who became as little children could possess His Kingdom. That is of the nature of His Kingdom. Its door is low and we must stoop to go in. Standing up to God and laying down the law to Him are equally useless. We must come to Him with heads bowed and hands folded, or we can stay on our little self-constituted thrones, sulking *in saecula saeculorum*. Unless all the saints were mistaken, the way to God is by no such "insolent and independent claim" as Miss Sackville-West registers with His Divine Majesty :

Short cuts I scorn : the Church's offered haven,
Dictated faith and mild security.
My heart's no nun, my spirit not a craven :
I find my God in one last unity :
Neither in ritual nor priestly laws,
But in the majesty of the first cause,

I find my God alone in his creation,
 Magnificent or detailed, in the skies
 Or in the leaf unfolding to the spring,
 Sufficient to sustain my feathered wing,
 Sufficient to my spiritual eyes,
 Sufficient to my needful adoration.

There seems to be some misunderstanding of nuns in that passage. Catherine of Sienna and Teresa of Avila were both nuns and both women of such powerful, dynamic genius that to compare modern emancipated women with them is like holding a farthing dip to Betelgeuse. As for the "mild security" and the "priestly laws," one might ask, with deep respect, how Miss Sackville-West's spiritual desolation would look matched against the tremendous Night in which the soul of another poet, St. John of the Cross, travelled to its peace, finding in the nothingness of self all the plenitude of God? The saints would smile to hear of their dictated faith and mild security. Perhaps they would even say to Miss Sackville-West: "What is the matter with you, Dear Lady, is that by the evidence of your beautiful poems you were born for the road that we have taken, only you missed a turning, a tiny lane, so small that none but a child can pass through it. And it leads, not to mild security, but to desperate adventure."

JAMES BRODRICK.

Emmanuel

GIVE me, my God, to look on things
 And see my Maker there,
 Unduped by outward fair-seemings
 To pass Thee by, the Fair.

So may my sight of Nature's grace
 On land, in sky, at sea,
 Therein a myriad beauties trace
 And worship only Thee.

E'en as the royal Magi viewed
 The jewelled galaxy
 And found amid the multitude
 One star that led to Thee.

EDWARD STORMON.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE ENGLISH PRINTED BIBLE.

The Legend and the Facts.

THE past year has been taken, in the opinion of many, to mark the fourth centenary of the English printed Bible, for it is exactly 400 years since Cromwell ordered the Great Bible to be set up in all our parish churches. It is a pity, however, that those who have been celebrating this centenary should have known just so much about the English printed Bible, and no more. Had they known less, ignorance might have compelled them to let the occasion pass in silence; had they known more, that is, had they known the affair in all its sordid details, prudence might have done so. For, far from being a step towards liberty, and in particular towards liberty of thought, the publication of the Bible of 1538 was a step in the opposite direction. There is some significance in the fact that the Bible was a chained Bible; in a more than literal sense the decree of Cromwell represents a chaining up of the Bible, and of the Church, which was forced to accept it.

It is assumed with complete, but unjustifiable assurance, that the setting up of the Bible was the satisfying of a great and long-felt want. Those who think so would do well to consider for a short while an interesting conversation, held at the time, which fortunately has come down to us. They might find their facile faith troubled, but they might also come nearer to truth. The conversation is recorded, among other places, in the second volume of Gairdner's "Lollardy and the Reformation." Those who took part in the conversation were George Constantine, and two brothers of Bishop Barlow. All three were notorious heretics. At the time they were riding from Westbury-on-Trym, in Gloucestershire, towards South Wales. The injunction ordering the Great Bible to be set up in the churches had been issued the year before. The three had been lamenting the passing of the Six Articles, and the conversation then became more general, and the actual words used are worth putting down. "Wonderful are the ways of the Lord," said Constantine, "Kings' hearts are in the hand of God. He turneth them as He lusteth. How mercifully, how plentifully and purely hath God sent His word to us in England! Again how unthankfully, how rebelliously, how carnally and unwillingly too, we receive it! Who is there who will have a Bible but he must be compelled thereto? How loth be our priests to teach the commandments, the articles of faith and the *Paternoster* in English! Again, how unwilling be the people to learn it! Yea, they

jest at it, calling it the new *Paternoster* and the New Learning; so that, as help me God, if we amend not, I fear that we shall be in more bondage and blindness than ever we were. . ."¹ So, though admirers of the reformers may be convinced that sixteenth-century England was thirsting for the Bible, the reformers themselves had no such confidence.

Undoubtedly the conversation is interesting, for, as Gairdner says: "Never was there reported at length in King Henry's days a conversation of such high significance in reference to so large a number of subjects." But the evidence it provides about the almost complete apathy of the English people towards a vernacular Bible is confirmed from other sources. In his admirable work "*L'Angleterre Catholique à la Veille du Schisme*," M. Pierre Janelle notes how different England was in this respect from the continental countries. In Germany, he says, there were between 1466 and 1522 twenty complete translations of the Bible, and a considerable number of incomplete ones. In France between 1477 and 1521 there were about nine, whereas nothing biblical was printed in England before the breach between Henry and Rome, except a Latin edition of the epistles and gospels of the year, which was issued in 1509.

So, if there was any need for the Bible in the vernacular, those who felt the need were for long singularly unsuccessful in giving expression to it, either in word or in action. One man there was, however, who was anxious to have the Bible translated; that man was Thomas Cromwell. As early as 1527, that is two years before the fall of Wolsey, and eleven before the injunction about the Great Bible, we find him in correspondence with the man who was to be its translator, Miles Coverdale.

Coverdale at the time was an Augustinian friar. We know for certain that he was in communication with Cromwell in 1527. We know, too, that at a comparatively early date, probably the same year, he was asking Cromwell for means to get books, so that he might continue his work on the Scriptures. As Cromwell was a well-known money-lender, he can hardly have expected to receive this as a gift. Cromwell would expect to receive his loan back again, with interest.

There can be no cause for surprise in Cromwell having thought an English translation of the Scriptures a profitable speculation. For Tyndale's New Testament was coming into England, and was causing considerable interest among certain people in London. It is true that the bishops were opposed to it, but as Tyndale set out to turn his translation into special pleading for Lutheranism, this was not surprising. If, however, a less obnoxious version were produced, and were to be approved by the bishops, then the man who first published this translation would make his fortune.

¹ Gairdner, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 223. A popular modern history states that when the Bible in English was placed in the Churches—"the joy of the common people was widespread and intense."

Whether this was actually Cromwell's train of thought we do not know. We do not even know whether he advanced the necessary means. Had he not done so, however, Coverdale would doubtless have met with great difficulty in continuing the work. Even had he succeeded in doing so, there would have been no point in his maintaining his connexion with Cromwell. As he both continued his work, and maintained that connexion, the probabilities are that the money was advanced.

Years were to pass, however, Wolsey was to fall, Henry's marriage was to be annulled (by Cranmer), and he was to break away from Rome before official approval was to be given to an English translation of the Bible. At last, towards the end of 1534, Convocation sent a petition to the King requesting permission for the Bible to be translated into the vernacular. Permission was duly granted and the work was begun. It was divided into ten parts, and each part was entrusted to a competent bishop, the gospels of St. Luke and St. John being given to Gardiner. By the appointed day the entire New Testament, with the exception of the Acts of the Apostles, had been sent to Cranmer at Lambeth. *Then it vanished and we hear no more of it.*

The riddle at first appears hard to solve; Gairdner seems to despair of doing so.¹ But if Coverdale's connexion with Cromwell be remembered, the difficulty disappears. Cromwell was indeed anxious to see a vernacular Bible published, but not any vernacular Bible. The Bible which he wanted to see published was the one that he had financed, that of Coverdale. Sometime during the course of 1535 the episcopal translation disappeared, when it was nominally in Cranmer's possession. In the next year injunctions were issued which ordered every incumbent to provide his parish with a *whole* Bible in Latin and in English. There was only one whole Bible in English in existence; it was that of Coverdale. The episcopal New Testament might well disappear. It was not wanted by Henry's all-powerful lay "Vicar General" and evil genius.

Cromwell could now no doubt gratify himself with the thought that he had cast his bread upon the waters, and that he was finding it again. But he was not yet satisfied. During the course of 1537 he received a letter from Richard Grafton, a printer and a member of the Grocers' Company of London. Grafton had been engaged in printing another English edition of the Bible, made up from a compilation of the earlier works of Tyndale and Coverdale. He was now complaining that though he had been put to the vast expense of printing the book, cheaper editions were soon to be brought out, and there was a serious risk that he might be undersold. He then suggests that every priest with a benefice, and every abbey shall be compelled to buy a copy. His next remarks are very interesting. He says that he wishes that "none but the papistical sort" were compelled to have these Bibles. There would

¹ *Op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 271.

then be enough in the Bishop of London's diocese "to spend away a great part of them."¹ So on the word of an advanced reformer we are left to conclude that a great part of the population of London itself, the centre of English Protestantism, was of the "papistical sort," on whom the Bible would have to be forced. So far were Englishmen from yearning to possess it in their own tongue.

Cromwell quite came up to Grafton's expectations. He commissioned him and Coverdale to draw up yet another edition of the Bible. It was to be magnificently printed and produced, and, because the presses of England were not equal to such a task, it was begun at Paris in 1535. Cromwell himself bore the expense of the enterprise. To ensure its financial success he again ordered that one copy of this "Bible of the largest volume in English" should be placed in all the churches, and further ordered that the faithful were to be exhorted to read it, "as that which is the very lively word of God, that every Christian man is bound to embrace, believe and follow if he hope to be saved."

It may well be asked, what was the clergy's reaction to all this? The answer is that they had submitted to the King once, when they denied Papal authority, and they were now made to continue their submission. It was not till four years after the famous proclamation of 1538, and two years after the death of Cromwell, that they even seem to have been given a chance to express their opinion about the Bible.

In January, 1542, however, the King sent a message to Convocation, ordering it to discuss the Bible and to propose necessary emendations. Convocation expressed its opinion that the Bible could not be kept in its present form without scandal to the faithful. Thus it is clear that the "Great Bible" had been imposed, not because it was the will of the clergy, but because it was the will of Cromwell. The necessary revision was begun; but after some time its progress was interrupted. A royal command was received, ordering the bishops to proceed no further in the matter. The work was to be given to the universities. This was equivalent to discontinuing it altogether. Protest was of no avail. All the bishops except three strongly objected, and these three included Barlow and Cranmer.² Ever since England had known a Church, the bishops had interpreted the Bible for their flocks; henceforth their flocks were to interpret it for the bishops.

So the centenary of the English printed Bible has some importance. It reminds us how an unwanted translation was thrust upon a reluctant clergy and an apathetic people so that a faithless and irreligious politician might be enriched. It reminds us too of an assault by the Civil State on the sphere of religion that is only too prevalent in the world to-day. Perhaps indeed it is a centenary to be commemorated; but not to be commemorated with rejoicing.

W. F. REA.

¹ L. and P., xii, ii, Ap. 35.

² Wilkins, "Concilia," III, 862.

ENGLAND AND THE HOLY SEE :
A Survey of Diplomatic Relations.

THE appointment of Mgr. William Godfrey as Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain with the title of Archbishop of Chios, brings this country once more into the orbit of Papal Diplomacy, recalling the age-long history of this service and particularly its varied application to England in the past.

By virtue of his primacy of jurisdiction, the Vicar of Christ has the right to send his representatives to kings, Governments and Churches either on missions of honour or to safeguard the Faith or discipline of the clergy and laity in any particular country. This right the Popes have exercised from the first moment the practice became possible, that is to say, from the fourth century, when the Church was officially recognized by the Empire. Thus when the first General Council was held in Nicaea in 325, Sylvester I sent legates to preside in his name. Henceforth, the presence of such Papal envoys became a council's chief claim to be called Œcumenical.

At the same time, the removal of the seat of imperial Government to Constantinople made it necessary for the Popes to bring to the notice of the emperors attacks on the Faith, breaches of discipline or matters touching the borderline between civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction. To expedite business of this nature the Popes appointed to the Imperial Court ambassadors called *apocrisarii*. One who held the post from 578—585 was destined to become St. Gregory the Great. The office lapsed during the Iconoclastic troubles of the eighth century, but was revived again under Charlemagne.

Meanwhile, to deal more speedily with questions of a purely ecclesiastical and largely local character, the Popes created another class of permanent legates known as *legati nati* with powers eventually granted *ex officio* to the holders of important sees. In 1126 William of Corbeil was the first Archbishop of Canterbury to be granted such faculties, while during the years 1139—1143 King Stephen's brother, Henry of Blois, the powerful Bishop of Winchester, held the office, by virtue of which he took precedence over Archbishop Theobald. The latter received the honour while in exile a few years later and afterwards it became a regular, though often delayed, grant (as in the case of Stephen Langton) till Cranmer renounced the office in 1534. From the appointment of John Thoresby in 1352 the Archbishops of York also became *legati nati*. The wide faculties attached to the office included the right of visitation in all dioceses of the prelate's province and of examining the qualifications of bishops-elect.

Such officials, although endowed with special powers from the Holy See, were not Papal envoys in the diplomatic sense. Corresponding somewhat closer to the accepted modern notion were

legati missi, with limited powers for a special mission, and *legati a latere*, who were Papal plenipotentiaries sent to convoke national councils or to transact even secular business of exceptional importance.

It is sometimes difficult to classify under any one heading the numerous Papal envoys who came to England during the medieval period, fulfilling a variety of functions. The Tax Collectors who scoured the country in the reigns of Henry III and Edward I form a class apart. Perhaps the earliest instance of a legatine commission to this country is in the year 786, when Bishops George and Theophylact brought commendatory letters from Hadrian I to the Kings of Wessex, Mercia and Northumbria.

It was not until the Conquest, however, that the close friendship between William and Pope Alexander II and the need for reforming the English Church started the stream of apostolic visitors that was to flood the country during succeeding generations. It began at Winchester in 1070, when Bishop Ermenfrid of Sion, and Cardinals John and Peter gave Papal approval to the Conquest by setting the crown on William's head; at the same time they passed judgment on the schismatic Archbishop Stigand.

These legates had come at the King's invitation. Less welcome were certain envoys of Henry I's reign—Abbot Anselm, nephew of St. Anselm, the monk Peter and the notorious Cardinal John of Cremona. The outcome of these visits was that the King obtained from Callixtus II a promise that no legate should set foot in England without the royal assent, but luckily for itself the Crown rarely chose to exercise its veto.

It is in the thirteenth century that these ambassadors of the Holy See assume an important political role. It was to the Papal envoy Pandulf that in May, 1213, King John surrendered his crown and realms, receiving them back immediately as Papal fiefs; the following October, the King did formal homage for them to the legate Nicholas of Tusculum. In consequence of this strategic surrender of John's, Pandulf called off Philip Augustus's projected invasion of England at the very moment the expeditionary force was waiting to embark.

Moreover, at John's death, the throne was saved for his son by the prompt action of the legate Cardinal Gualo in crowning the boy-king Henry III and in raising the army that defeated Prince Louis of France. For the first two years of the reign Gualo was virtual ruler of England and for the next three he was succeeded in the same powers by Pandulf, now Bishop of Norwich as well as Papal legate. The latter office he resigned in 1221 after Archbishop Langton had obtained from Honorius III an undertaking that no resident legate should be sent to England during his lifetime.

A little later, however, Papal legates were to be sought after as arbitrators in the troubles that beset the English Crown. In

1263, at Henry III's desire, Cardinal Guy Foulquois was appointed with plenary powers (and, in particular, faculties for suspending and correcting anti-royalist bishops) to deal with the civil disorders in this country. Unhappily events moved too swiftly for him and the King was already in the hands of de Montfort when the legate reached the French coast. His mission of pacification had failed, but the following year, as Clement IV, he sent Cardinal Ottoboni to England on a similar errand. This time the situation was easier and the legate (who was also to become Pope as Hadrian V) was able at the end of his three years' sojourn in England to turn his attention to the Church, publishing in 1268 the famous Constitutions which, with those of a former legate, Cardinal Otho, issued thirty-one years earlier, formed the principal basis of canon law in this country till the Reformation.

Papal legates were again to play the ungrateful role of peace-makers when first Boniface VIII, and then Clement V sent the Cardinals of Albano and Palestrina (1295) and Cardinal Peter of Spain (1307) to England in a vain attempt to stop the war with France.

The Reformation period saw three legates in this country. First, Wolsey alone, to preach the Crusade against the Turk, then jointly with Cardinal Campeggio to try the validity of the King's marriage. Last of them all came Cardinal Pole with full legatine faculties to reconcile the realm to the Holy See.

By this time the Council of Trent had established the modern practice of diplomatic representation through permanent nuncios. But Protestant England, although placed under the watchful eye of the Internuncios of Brussels, who forwarded to Rome weekly information on English affairs, was now to remain outside the sphere of Papal diplomacy save for an interesting interlude under the Stuarts. Charles I's marriage to a Catholic who was also the godchild of the Pope, provided an excellent excuse for sending to England a Papal agent, Gregorio Panzani, a priest of the Roman Oratory, who was entrusted with the delicate task of settling the disputes of the secular and regular clergy, and of sounding the possibility of establishing diplomatic relations between this country and the Holy See.

As a result of his favourable report, in 1636, two Scotsmen were charged with this mission of friendship, Mgr. George Con coming to London and Sir William Hamilton going to the Papal court. Con achieved little in London beyond a happy knack of putting the Catholic case to the theologically-minded King, and he was succeeded in 1639 by Count Carlo Rossetti, a young nobleman whose courtliness soon charmed the numerous near-Catholics who thronged the foyers of Whitehall and Denmark House. It is to the credit of both agents that they used their position and influence to relieve the lot of harassed Catholics. In addition, when Ros-

setti left London in 1641 to become Nuncio Extraordinary at Cologne with the title of Archbishop of Tarsus, he was still to concern himself with the urgent efforts Charles I was making to secure from Rome financial and military support for himself and his Irish allies.

It was a matter of forty years and more before the English Court saw another Papal envoy in the person of Count Fernando D'Adda, who being accredited to a Catholic King, James II; was given the status of Nuncio Apostolic. After his consecration in the Chapel Royal, London, as Archbishop of Amasia, he was received in public audience at Windsor with full diplomatic honours. His task of inducing James to intercede with Louis XIV in favour of the oppressed Protestants of France was interrupted by the revolution of 1688.

The next trial of Papal diplomacy in this country took place in October, 1793, when Mgr. Canon Charles Erskine, dean of the College of Consistorial Advocates, was sent by Pius VI as envoy to London, where his tact and ability established excellent relations with the Court and Government and eased the domestic dissensions of the English Catholics. He left in 1801 and later became a Cardinal.

Since that time there has been no resident Papal diplomat in England, although missions of honour have been sent in the form of Apostolic Delegations. One arrived to grace the Diamond Jubilee celebrations of Queen Victoria, while the mission headed by Archbishop (now Cardinal Pizzardo) to the Coronation of our present King is still fresh in the memory.

Now for the first time we are to have an Apostolic Delegate residing in London. In the strict juridical sense such an official has powers far more restricted than those of a legate or Nuncio. His mission is ecclesiastical in character and he is usually sent by Propaganda to missionary countries. So, for example, there are Apostolic Delegates in the East Indies, Africa, South Africa, Canada and Australia.

Nevertheless, the present practice of the Church is somewhat elastic in the matter, and a delegate, as the representative of the Holy See, may in fact fulfil the function of a legate, and it is the custom of Rome to send such envoys to countries that have no diplomatic relations with the Holy See: the Apostolic Delegation established since the days of Leo XIII in Washington is an outstanding example of this, being practically equivalent to a nunciature.

Where countries such as our own already have diplomatic representation at the Vatican it is, one believes, customary to add the title Envoy Extraordinary to that of Apostolic Delegate. It will be interesting to see if this is the case with the recent appointment. In any case, one feels sure that the coming of the Pope's

personal representative to London is a sign not only of the Holy Father's realization of the important part this country may have to play in the cause of European and World peace but also of the British Government's conviction that the Vicar of Christ, despite his exclusion from the League of Nations, may yet fulfil a vital function in the policy of appeasement it is pursuing.

GORDON ALBION.

Adoro Te

LO, my adoration, Godhead hid away
Under these form-figures, holding there Thy stay
All my heart to serve Thee gladly I bestow;
All things earthly vanish in Thy beauty's glow.

Sight and touch and tasting—all do give the lie;
Only hearing, questioned, gives a safe reply.
Whate'er God's Son speaketh, that I take and keep
Truth indeed is what from Truth's own lips we reap.

On the Cross, Thy Godhead only 'scaped our eyes;
Here as well Thy manhood secret from us lies.
Both I have for holding, both I do proclaim;
As the contrite thief prayed, do I pray the same.

I Thy wounds with Thomas may not wondering view,
Yet I hail Thee "Lord and God" with heart as true.
Make this faith in Thee grow, as my decades grow
Plant hope deeper in Thee, make love warmer glow.

Dear my Lord, memorial Thou of Thine own death!
Living bread that our dead souls aye quickeneth
Grant my mind to live for ever in Thy sight
And forever find there sweetness and delight.

Kinder than the piteous pelican, Lord Christ
Cleanse me in Thy heart's blood gladly sacrificed;
Let one drop thereof but fall on sinful earth
Lo it rolls regenerate, blessed in a new birth.

Jesus, whom I gaze on veiled away from me,
Grant I pray this answer to my longing plea—
That these eyes attain Thee face to face expressed
And be in that glory beatific blessed.

EDWARD STORMON.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

- AMERICA: Dec. 10, 1938. **Spanish Red Propaganda and U.S.A.**, by Joseph B. Code. [Describes once more how the American public was taken in by incessant, subsidised, Communist playing on latent Anti-Catholicism.]
- BLACKFRIARS: Dec., 1938. **The Spectre of Evacuation**, by Father McNabb, O.P. [A plea for de-urbanization while there is time.]
- CATHOLIC HERALD: Dec. 16, 1938. **The Cure for Crime**, by Alec Ellis. [Reflections on the new Penal Code.]
- CATHOLIC TIMES: Dec. 16, 1938. **Spiritualism and its Propaganda**, by H. Thurston, S.J. [The cult of Spiritualism based on claims, always inconclusive, and often fraudulent.]
- CATHOLIC WORLD: Dec., 1938. **Germany's lapse into Savagery**. [Editorial, showing that the recent pogrom affects humanity as much as Judaism.]
- HOMILETIC REVIEW: Dec., 1938. **History of the Latin Vulgate**, by Rev. J. E. Steinmueller. [An estimate of the exact range of St. Jerome's work.]
- HUNGARIAN QUARTERLY: Winter, 1938. **Holy Crown of Hungary**, by Julius Moravesck. [A detailed description of the "Apostolic Crown" with illustrations.]
- IRISH ROSARY: Dec., 1938. **The Church and Faith**, by Raymond O'Donohoe, O.P. [Shows that true basis of divine Faith is God speaking through the Church.]
- LA CITÉ CHRÉTIENNE: Nov. 20, Dec. 5, 1938. **L'Origine de l'Homme**, by R. Boigelot, S.J. [A detailed discussion of the Evolution theory in the light of the *dicta* both of science and faith.]
- REVUE DE L'UNIVERSITÉ D'OTTAWA: July-Sept., 1938. **La hiérarchie catholique et la politique**, by O. Meunier, O.M.I. [A vindication of the right of clerics to "interfere" in politics, given cause.]
- SIGN: Dec., 1938. **The Future of our Catholic Workers**, by H. A. Frommelt. [Shows how in the U.S.A. a minority of Communists dominate unions with a majority of Catholics.]
- TABLET: Dec. 10, 1938. **The Roman Empire and the Catholic Church**, by James Brodrick, S.J. [A vigorous refutation of the Fascist claim of organic continuity between Roman Imperialism and the Kingdom of Christ which destroyed it.]
- THOUGHT: Dec., 1938. **The Renewal of Christendom**, by C. J. Eustace. [Suggests that, so thorough has been the destruction of the civilization due to Catholicism, nothing but a universal renewal of faith in Catholics can rebuild what has been lost.]

REVIEWS

1—BUTLER'S LIVES REVISED AND SUPPLEMENTED¹

THE first volume, January, of this important work was published at the beginning of 1926 whilst the last, December, appeared at the beginning of last month, so that the whole undertaking has been completed in about a dozen years. No one who had not the literary energy and wide knowledge of Father Herbert Thurston could have ventured to embark singlehanded on such an enterprise—the research necessary, the labour itself of writing or typing, called rather for a body of co-workers, and finally help of that kind was provided in the persons of Miss Norah Leeson and Mr. Donald Attwater, the latter of whom assumed the responsibility of collecting the contents of the second half of the year, leaving the bibliographies and critical notes still in the hands of Father Thurston. After all, the appearance on an average of one volume a year, considering the amount of “supplementing” necessary, reflects great credit on those concerned. The progress of the immense *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists—to compare great things with small—which now number 66 volumes, has been proportionately more leisurely. Although it now numbers 66 volumes, the last four of these are the fruit of 50 years’ labour! For hagiography is a progressive science, embracing not only the lives of those newly raised to the altars but the ever-growing results of research into records of the past. Father Thurston emphasizes the fact that the new “Butler,” like the old, represents only a selection of the known Saints, a selection which, were it to be made to-day, would probably omit some names hitherto included and add some heretofore left out. Accordingly, criticism on that score must be exceedingly well-informed to avoid seeming captious. There are, for instance, seventeen Saints called Felix in Father Thurston’s “Butler,” but the last edition of the Roman Martyrology enumerates sixty-seven. We must, therefore, be thankful for what we have got—a fairly complete and thoroughly scholarly collection of biographies of those who have been foremost in illustrating the Note of Holiness in the Church, not the least essential mark of her divine origin and indwelling spirit. In this connexion Mr. Attwater’s dissertation on All Saints in the

¹ (1) *The Lives of the Saints*. By Alban Butler. A new edition by Father H. Thurston, S.J., and Donald Attwater. Vol. XI, November. Pp. xii, 354. Price, 7s. 6d.; Vol. XII, December. Pp. xiv, 355. Price, 7s. 6d. (2) *A Dictionary of Saints*. Compiled from the revised Butler by Donald Attwater. Pp. v, 320. Price, 9s.

November volume is worth careful study, for he points out that the duty of manifesting that Note—of being perfect like their Father in heaven—is incumbent on all Catholic Christians, although comparatively few realize it. These last two volumes make the opportunity of studying the models provided by the Saints much more accessible than before, for they supplement "Butler" in the very obvious way of showing us how perfection is attainable in the circumstances and widely differentiated society of our own day.

The greatness of the whole achievement is best realized by an inspection of Mr. Attwater's *Dictionary*, which serves also as an Index to the entire work—a similar Index to the original Butler would not occupy half the space. This saintly *Who's Who*, after the fashion of the similar summary of the Dictionary of National Biography, gives not only the names but brief accounts of the person recorded, even if they sometimes are as short as this about St. Ursus—"A bishop of Ravenna about whom little certain is known. d. 398."

The November and December volumes contain comparatively few lives of universally known Saints, but, as compensation, in the latter a fairly large number of English martyrs are commemorated. The same volume contains a supplement of sixteen lives accidentally omitted from their proper chronological order, and two very valuable appendices—A Memoir of Alban Butler by Father Thurston, which reveals the curious fact that the original "Lives" were considered, by a French critic, to be too radical and iconoclastic, and a brief historical account of the processes of Beatification and Canonization. Father Thurston's Prefaces to the several volumes of the new edition form, taken collectively, an interesting dissertation on the problems of hagiography.

Although the prices given are those which appear on the jackets of these new volumes, the publishers inform us that, owing to the great increase in the cost of production, 9s. is now the charge for the several volumes.

2—FÉNELON¹

MR. J. LEWIS MAY has called his book on Fénelon a "study," and this certainly is a more apt designation than the word biography would be. For those who have little previous knowledge of the contemporary history, or who have not access to some such chronological summary as that with which Lord St. Cyres thirty years ago supplemented his rather similar volume, we fancy that the sequence of events in Mr. May's pages is likely, at times, to present a difficulty. But the book is pleasantly written,

¹ *Fénelon; A Study*. By J. Lewis May. With illustrations. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. viii, 208. Price, 10s. 6d.

and the occasional scraps of translation, though often extremely free, have the merit of presenting the writer's thoughts in natural and graceful English. Following in the steps of the Abbé Henri Bremond, Mr. May lets it be seen that his sympathies in the great controversy over Madame Guyon and her mystical theories are predominantly on the side of the Archbishop of Cambrai. Indeed, it seems to us that the author is, here and there, quite unduly harsh in the judgment he passes upon the Archbishop's great antagonist of Meaux. On p. 71 Mr. May tells us that "the name of Bossuet, the triumphant Bossuet, burns with a very pale lustre compared with that of Fénelon whom he helped so effectually to send into exile." Again, on p. 108, we learn that: "The Eagle of Meaux represented common sense magnified to an heroic scale; he stands for mediocrity in all its majesty; in him we behold the apotheosis of the ordinary. He marched with an honest, rotund magnificence along the appointed highway of salvation." And, once more, a little further on: "Bossuet, as we have already said, was, for all the splendours of his rhetoric, a monument of common sense; he was the spokesman—and how eloquent a spokesman!—of the bourgeois conscience." Such epigrammatic utterances may be appropriate enough when we are discussing art and literature, but here it is a question of pastoral theology, of the shepherding of the flock of Jesus Christ. We confess that in this field even a Sancho Panza seems to us a better guide than any Don Quixote. One cannot fail to recognize in certain pages of this volume a reminder of the controversy which broke out a few years ago between the Abbé Bremond and Fathers Lebreton and Cavallera, a controversy renewed more recently in the criticisms for which the "Spiritual Letters" of Abbot Chapman gave occasion. We have no thought of dictating in these matters; opinion is free. But the teaching of Bossuet will be judged by many earnest Catholics to be more practical for the mass of mankind and less exposed to danger than the theories of those who strive to rise above what has been called "a self-concerned spirituality." It is not easy to shut one's eyes to the extravagances into which Molinos and Madame Guyon were betrayed by the ideals which seemed to them so exalted. Also it should be remembered, though our author does not touch upon the subject, that Fénelon was the patron of the Chevalier A. M. Ramsay, a person of very bizarre views, who passes for the founder of Freemasonry in France. A considerable section of Mr. May's slender but stimulating volume is devoted to Fénelon as a literary genius. We have, consequently, a pretty full summary of "Télémaque," a chapter dealing with the Archbishop as a humanist, and a general insistence upon his assimilation of the spiritual ethos of Virgil. We have noticed a few misprints. "Lacta" (p. 41) should surely be Laeta, and the Jesuit "Signori" mentioned on p. 123 must be the well-known Father Paolo Segneri.

3—"THE CHURCHES" ¹

WAS there ever a time when Anglicanism was not in "transition"? The question is naturally suggested by the title Father Johnson has given to his interesting sketch of the Development of Doctrine in the lay institution which was obtruded into the forms of the old Catholic Church by Elizabeth and her ministers. For the history of that Establishment is a continuous record of doctrinal change due to the absence of a clear standard of belief enforced by competent authority. Still, as everywhere amongst men deprived of those advantages, the decay of faith in our own day has been more rapid and conspicuous than in any previous age, and Father Johnson is at pains to trace, within the Anglican body, the speed and course of the modern currents that are carrying it away from the measure of Christianity with which it started. Had anyone written about the middle of last century of Anglicanism in transition he would have had to chronicle the vigorous effort of the Tractarians to make the English Church retrace its steps and recover many pre-Reformation doctrines and practices. But that effort has long spent itself, for, although the "Anglo-Catholics" to-day have, in appearance, gone further towards Rome than the most fervent Tractarian, their faith has become a sort of sublimated rationalism and they have largely succumbed to that "liberalism" in religion which was Newman's *bête noire*. As early as his second chapter Father Johnson has to treat of the "antecedents and growth of modernism" in the Establishment which has since played havoc with belief in the supernatural and even in the Incarnation, so much so that *The Church Times*, once the chief organ of the Anglo-Catholics, now considers itself the champion of "Liberal Catholicism." Father Johnson writes with full personal acquaintance with the various phases of Anglicanism, and with the relative literature. His book is the more interesting because it skilfully touches on the great personalities of the past who have helped Anglicanism on its way, and the great controversies which have periodically risen and subsided, always leaving the body more a creature of compromise than before. The Report of the Doctrinal Commission was issued too late to be discussed in the body of the book, but a criticism of the document is printed as an Appendix; very appositely, for it admirably clinches Father Johnson's argument. The general apathy with which its revelations of doctrinal degeneration were received in England emphasizes his thesis that Anglicanism is in truth on the march, but farther away from orthodox Christianity and nearer to a fuller rationalism. It would per-

¹ (1) *Anglicanism in Transition*. By Rev. Humphrey Johnson, Cong. Orat. London: Longmans. Pp. ix, 235. Price, 6s. n. (2) *Union of Christendom*. Edited by Bishop Kenneth Mackenzie. London: S.P.C.K. Pp. 702. Price, 8s. 6d. n.

haps have been well, as accounting for this gradual loss of faith, to have emphasized early in the book that Elizabeth's Church was without Apostolic jurisdiction from the beginning, without a valid hierarchy or a true rule of faith, and that no subsequent revival of Catholic belief and practice could remedy that radical defect.

The second book under review strikingly illustrates the result of the attempt made at the Reformation to keep Christendom united without its head. In fact, the S.P.C.K. has rarely published a book more in harmony with its title than is this collection of essays called the *Union of Christendom* which owes its inspiration to the recent deliberations at Oxford and at Edinburgh concerning the possibility of uniting Christians to oppose the organized irreligion of the day. The scope of the book is best indicated by its main divisions which are—The Demand for Union, the Causes of Disruption, the Present Grouping of Christendom, the Possibility of a United Christendom, the Essential Principles of Catholicism—and are further subdivided until in the end some thirty writers are employed in covering the whole field. The Catholic Church which was once practically coterminous with Christendom and which, therefore, has most reason to lament its disruption, is not represented officially amongst the essayists but her status and views are fairly well expressed by two sympathetic and well-instructed writers. However, to the Catholic, conscious of his membership of the Church of Christ, the whole discussion is interesting and valuable only as illustrating how powerless are human efforts to establish and maintain that unity of belief which must be the basis of the union of Christians, without recourse to a teaching and living authority which knows revealed truth and is commissioned by God to impart it. We have searched in vain for any recognition of this elementary fact which is founded both on reason and experience. But even in an essay dealing specifically with Church authority all that we find is a statement, wholly at variance with fact, that "it is not hard to ascertain the mind of the undivided Church on all fundamental matters . . . the crucial test is *consensus fidelium* . . .—whether in fact the findings of a given Council subsequently showed themselves to be true in the corporate experience of the Church at large" (pp. 656—657). To such futile shifts are zealous men reduced by their determination not to recognize a living, adequately guaranteed authority. Until it is understood that although Christendom is divided, the Church of Christ is whole and entire, and the results of disruption can only be undone by reversing the process, the "Churches" will remain for ever outside the Church.

J.K.

4—FOUNDATIONS OF CATHOLIC FAITH¹

THE Church and her apologists recognize two ways of proving her claim. The first, that of the theologians, is dogmatic; it proves from Scripture and tradition that the Church is the handiwork of God, and as such, is intended by Him to be our infallible and indestructible guide. The second, that of the scientists and historians, is synthetic; it studies facts as it finds them in the history of the world, and argues from effects to causes. Both have their advantages; taken in itself the first is more conclusive than the second, though since Chateaubriand, Ozanam, de Broglie, Newman with his *Essay on Development*, and many more, the second has a greater appeal to the modern objective and scientific mind. But for sound argument neither can be taken apart; the dogmatic, analytic proof must be able to bear the test of history; the synthetic argument, if it eschews the control of dogma, leads to the vagaries and unsound speculation of Modernism in its several forms, from Lamennais to Loisy and Fogazarro.

Nevertheless, until recent years it has been the custom in the schools to treat the two proofs as distinct, calling the one dogmatic, the other positive theology; one of the fruits of the modernist movement has been to bring them into closer union. As a result a number of writers have emerged both on the Continent and in America who, with their background of dogmatic theology, have confirmed the truths they have learnt from revelation by the observed facts of history. Christ founded His Church, they say, and the evidence of history is a standing proof, which confirms the truth of His foundation. An outstanding example of this method is Father Ludwig Koester's *Die Kirche unseres Glaubens*, translated into English as, *The Church: Its Divine Authority*. It is a work which in Germany has won the admiration of non-Catholic scholars. The more carefully one studies it the more one becomes convinced that it is along such lines as this that reunion must come, if Christendom is ever to be reconstituted.

Briefly, the argument of the work is clear. This Church of over 350 millions of adherents is here for everyone to see. All these millions agree in one thing among many others; that the Church to which they belong is the institution of God and not of man. They believe that through the history of nineteen hundred years God has put the seal of His approval on this belief. Persecution, continued with violence from the beginning till to-day, has in no way weakened His Church; wherever she has gone, she has been the benefactor of the human race; whatever Churches have broken away from her, have lived and done good just so long as her spirit

¹ *The Church: Its Divine Authority*. By Rev. Ludwig Koesters, S.J. Translated by Rev. Edwin G. Kaiser, C.P.P.S., S.T.D. London: Herder. Price, 12s. 6d.

has still survived in them, and no longer. They look to the historic evidence of the Gospels, and they are satisfied that in them they have it firmly established "that Christ called Himself God, the one true God: a testimony whose truth we neither can nor may doubt." They know that this Christ made it His first business to "preach the doctrine of the Kingdom"; that the coming of the Kingdom, and its nature, were subjects ever on His lips; that He died asserting His kingship in this Kingdom, though it was a kingdom "not of this world," which, therefore, other authorities need not fear.

Still, though it is a "purely religious" kingdom, it is also external; one that must be externally acknowledged, one that will be persecuted, and therefore will be outwardly discernible, one into which a member may enter only by an external act. It will be visible, it will be universal, it will be "God's kingdom of eternal love, in which the Son of God animates men with divine life, fills them with God's truth and love, and leads them as a holy community through the fruitful guidance of grace to the blessed kingdom of eternity" (p. 177). "The Kingdom of certain truth, the Kingdom of certain forgiveness, the Kingdom of eternal love, the redeeming love of the Good Shepherd borne through the centuries" (p. 190), "manifested still more clearly, its unity established more firmly" (p. 192), continuing "essentially unchanged until the coming of the perfect kingdom of God to which it leads" (p. 197), such is the kingdom described as Christ's foundation in the Gospels. And such, precisely, is the Church we find accepted in the times of the Apostles; such, with its hierarchical authority unimpaired, we find to be of the essence of the Primitive Church. "The testimony we must acknowledge as valid and just. There is the fullest agreement between the words of Christ, the teaching of the Apostles, and that of the earliest Christian age. The Church of the Gospel, the Church of Christ, lives on in the Church of the Apostles and in the Primitive Church" (p. 233).

"Where is that Church to-day? It must exist somewhere, for the Son of God promised it unchanging and unending existence" (p. 234). We may take the various claimants, discarding those which, in despair of proving their descent, put forward no claim, and we shall find that only one will stand the test of comparison; "the analytical proof [of the Roman Catholic Church] is shown to be scientifically supported and reliable" (p. 247). The Authoritative Church, claiming that infallibility to-day which it claimed and was acknowledged to possess in the time of Peter and his immediate successors, alone can pretend to be the Church of Christ; remove it, and there is no other; the Church of Christ has ceased to be. But what is the content, the range, of that infallibility? That is the province of dogmatic theology; thus the historic argument brings us back to the point from which it

started, the justification of "dogma, the scientific understanding of the whole content of faith" (p. 273). Thus, "in the final analysis the infallible magisterium of the Church explains the meaning and scope of the divine law, the character and binding force of the Church law. . . . But the Church of law is also by Christ's will the Church of love, the great bond of love, the agape of the Primitive Church: all law in the Church is in some sense the law of God, who is love, every office should bear through the centuries and in itself embody the redeeming love. All members, superiors and inferiors equally, are embraced by the one fundamental law in the kingdom of Christ: love. Christ accompanies the Church on her journey through time, as her spouse, . . . in love, solicitude, fidelity, and the fatherhood of all her children" (p. 291).

We trust we have said enough to show the consistency of this important book. There are abundant footnotes, referring for the most part to German authors of every school, a rich bibliography, and a copious index.

✠ A.G.

5—STUDIES OF THE MYSTICS¹

AFTER publishing the first volume (French edition) of his studies in mysticism (reviewed in *THE MONTH*, November, 1925) Father Maréchal was forced by illness to delay the projected second part. Meanwhile, the late Mr. Algar Thorold's translation of the first volume—dealing in the main with the sentiment of "presence" characteristic of the higher states of mystical prayer—incorporated additional matter hitherto only available in isolated review articles. These supplementary topics form part of the second volume (French edition) now under review. The three chapters that appear in the first volume of the English edition and the second of the French edition are "Professor Leuba as a psychologist of mysticism," "Reflexions on the comparative study of mysticism," and "The problem of mystical grace in Islam." Finally a fourth essay, which fits imperfectly into the precarious framework of the book but is peculiar to the second volume of the French edition, treats briefly of an Ignatian method of prayer. The recent first volume of the *Dictionnaire de Spiritualité* under the heading "Application des Sens," reproduces this chapter in an emended form.

Setting aside, then, these four loosely linked chapters, the main theme of Father Maréchal's second volume is "the intuition of God by the mystics." It is not a question of assessing the probability or improbability of a direct vision of God in contemplation,

¹ *Études sur la psychologie des mystiques*. By J. Maréchal, S.J. Paris: Desclée de Brouwer. Pp. x, 556.

but of discovering what were the claims of the mystics themselves in this regard, and what were the views on this question of some of the classical writers on prayer. If much of this is history rather than psychology, the author justifies it as a necessary preliminary in a difficult matter to secure the correct interpretation of documents required by the psychologist.

Plotinus is first examined, as a type of the "platonici" admired by and influencing St. Augustine; for after the Bible and the common dogmatic tradition, Augustine was, with the pseudo-Denis, the Areopagite, the principal source of inspiration drawn upon by medieval Christian mysticism. Next the Greek Fathers pass under review, followed by Augustine and Aquinas. The mystics of the Middle Ages, with Ruysbroek and St. John of the Cross close the list of authors investigated. Many points remain less than clear and offer matter for further discussion; but the interesting conclusion reached by Father Maréchal is that the direct vision of God here on earth has been enjoyed by others than Moses and St. Paul, and for this opinion he invokes the supporting authority of the doctors, St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and St. John of the Cross.

R.C.G.

SHORT NOTICES

APOLOGETICAL.

THE lectures exposing the complete failure of Soviet Russia and the Communism which draws thence its inspiration and guidance, to substitute an effective secular basis for human happiness and morality in place of that provided by God in Christianity, delivered by Fr. Stephen Brown in Dublin during the Lent of 1937, have appeared only recently in print with the title, **Poison and Balm** (Browne & Nolan : 5s.), but the author has utilized the delay, as only he could, by providing a very extensive "documentation" which much enhances their value. So much has been written to destroy the massive screen of deception which the Soviets and their accomplices have erected to conceal the havoc wrought by their materialistic philosophy in the regions of even secular well-being that the evidence tends to be submerged by its very extent, so the copious book-lists compiled by Father Brown to substantiate his argument are likely to be of the greatest service, quite apart from the clear and cogent exposition in the lectures themselves. He has made his book indispensable to the student of contemporary Communism, for very little of the defence-literature that it has evoked has escaped his notice.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

The case for Determinism is so succinctly put by Mr. George A. Byron in **Determinism and the Problem of Evil** (Blackwell : 1s.),

that one almost wonders whether the author is really in earnest, or whether his brochure is intended as a *tour de force*. For his argument is the old one revived, unanswerable if one begins by begging the whole question; deny free will, that is, at the outset, and it is quite easy to explain how the mechanism of creation works. But is this so in reality? "'Tis Conscience doth make cowards of us all."

DEVOTIONAL.

At the School of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus (B.O. & W.: 2s. 6d.) is a revelation of the spirit of St. Theresa in the form of a dialogue between the Saint and a little soul. Extracts from spiritual authorities are included in various footnotes, and these reveal a close correspondence with the new Saint's writings. The book is a useful addition to the many modern works which treat of this lovable Saint.

What is known as the liturgical revival is of periodical recurrence in the Church which has constantly to recall her children from indulgence in the extremes of turning public worship into formalism and private devotion into extravagance. *Illud oportet facere et hoc non omittere*. It would be a pity to discourage any possible approach of the soul to God. Still, as we are essentially members of the Body of Christ, it is right and natural that our chief prayer should be corporate—the divine Sacrifice and the divine Office. In an attractive little book called **The Church's Daily Prayer** (B.O. & W.: 5s.), Dom E. Graf, O.S.B., of Buckfast, has provided a popular explanation of the Breviary which is both historical and devotional, and which will help those many layfolk who find in the divine Office greater spiritual stimulus and enlightenment than the ordinary prayer book offers.

The aim of Dom Theodore Wesseling, O.S.B., of Farnborough, in **Liturgy and Life** (Longmans: 3s. 6d. n.), is more ambitious than that of his fellow-Benedictine, for he deals with the metaphysics of the subject. It elaborates the philosophy of the Mystical Body, a reality which implies that all its members carry on in some way the work of redemption, in a creation which Christ has made sacramental. The little book needs, as the author playfully suggests at the end, to be read twice: in fact, so profound are the conceptions which it presents that few readers will exhaust them even in a second reading. This means, of course, that Dom Theodore is an independent thinker deeply convinced of the oneness of all things in Christ, and the interconnexion of all the means of grace in the Church. It is not everyone who will grasp the entire lesson of this work but to those who do the spiritual life will take on a reality unfelt before. They will be *alteri Christi* in a much fuller sense than they had hitherto dreamed.

A little treatise on our Lady, **Our Knowledge of Mary**, by the Very Rev. Wm. Joseph Chaminade, Founder of the Society of

Mary (Coldwell : 3s.), is full of the simplicity and straightness of vision which might be expected from one whose Cause of Beatification has already been introduced. It dwells especially on what might be called the apostolic mission of the Mother of God; that is, her motherhood of the human race. A dissertation on mental prayer in union with Our Lady is not the least valuable part of this little book.

The same simplicity and directness of thought which marked "My Yoke is Sweet," by Father John Kearney, C.S.Sp., marks also its sequel which has just appeared, **You Shall Find Rest** (B.O. & W. : 6s.). In some ways this later volume is even more simple and direct; for it dwells on the characteristics of childlike simplicity, humility, confidence, mercy and love. There is the same subdivision of matter, not so much into points as into phases, as it were, especially bringing back the subject to our Lord Himself; at the end of the sections are "prayers," and "points for prayers," which will be very useful for those who look for a new book on meditation. The last section, on our Lady, is very pleasing.

NON-CATHOLIC.

In a **Rabbinic Anthology** (Macmillan : 18s.) we have a large and excellent collection of sayings of the Jewish rabbis, edited by the late Mr. Claude Montefiore and his friend Mr. Herbert Loewe, Reader in Rabbinics at Cambridge. Mr. Montefiore's regretted death took place only a few weeks before the book's publication, and does not appear to have interfered with his taking a full share in the production of the book, which, indeed, is predominantly his. He was a strong champion of "liberal" Judaism, and in spite of an almost affectionate regard for the rabbis which he never quite lost he does not hide his low estimate of the value of much of their work. Mr. Loewe, on the other hand, is an "orthodox" Jew, and appears as counsel for the defence where Mr. Montefiore's comments have been too damning for his taste. This novel system of collaboration enables the reader to grasp many of the pros and cons of the two schools; it has also been of service in enabling two such experts to work together in publishing a remarkable, and in a sense representative, collection of rabbinical passages. Quite representative it cannot be because of the "total omission of Halakah" (p. xvi), of that elaborate discussion of legal casuistry, which to the rabbis was "the breath of their nostrils, their greatest joy and the finest portion of their lives" (p. xvii). It was the development of a tendency which our Lord censured in its early stages. Because of this omission, and also of that which is less pleasing even in the rest of the rabbinical literature, of the exclusion of all the non-rabbinical literature, and of the relatively late date of so many of the extracts, we must not use this anthology to form our idea of the background of the New Testament, in which back-

ground indeed the chief feature must be the Temple. Nevertheless, we are well content that such an admirable collection of rabbinical piety at its best should be made available to all, and we do not doubt that increased knowledge will lead to increased sympathy with so much that is praiseworthy in that piety, based largely as it is upon the Old Testament and an unswerving adoration of the one true God.

HISTORICAL.

In an excellent introduction to **Nennius's History of the Britons** (S.P.C.K.: 7s. 6d.), the translator and editor, Mr. A. W. Wade-Evans, shows us, not only the worthlessness, as a whole, of the eighth-century British writer, but also the sources from which his information was derived. Incidentally this enables the editor to add useful information concerning the sources of Bede and others. Though as history the text of Nennius is valueless, the abundant notes, contributed with a lavishness beyond praise, make this book a valuable possession to the student of the British and Anglo-Saxon records. Besides the "History" of Nennius, the volume contains, *The Annals of the Britons*, *Court Pedigrees of Hywel the Good*, and *The Story of the Loss of Britain*, which last is most valuable, because it is the basis of all succeeding histories, from Bede onwards.

LITERARY.

The Charmed Life, by Jack B. Yeats (Routledge & Sons.: 7s. 6d. n.), is recommended by its publishers as a "story of two spirits." This, no doubt, is accurate, but the language employed by the author is such that ordinary readers will be puzzled and repelled: too much is demanded of them since he is never at pains to make his meaning clear. That should be the first function of language, for who cares to listen to an unintelligible message?

In **Staircase to a Star** (Kenedy: \$1.50) an American priest, Father Bussard, exemplifies a new sort of literary technique which will please those who do not see why poetry should be confined to metrical forms. We must confess that the spiritual argument which he develops seems to be sometimes obscured by the very delicacy of the allegorical medium in which it is enwrapped. The essays deserve, and will repay, careful reading.

VERSE.

The title **Peace Music** is well deserved by Mary Winter Were's latest collection of poems (Bagster & Sons, Ltd.: 9d. n.). Their themes are for the most part peaceful, and all are melodiously treated. It would be an appropriate gift-book for the Christmas season.

Thro' Eastern Eyes, by Nand Qomar (Popular Book Depot, Bombay: 2s. 6d. n.), is a sincere attempt to demonstrate the importance of the mental outlook implied by the author's name for

his little volume. As a "citizen of the World," he seeks to contribute a share of constructive thought towards that solution of current national problems now being sought, in almost every country, by "men of good will." The plentiful illustrations are effective and interesting.

FICTION.

Two adventure stories, **Half-Deck of the Bradstock**, by Douglas V. Duff, and **The Mystery Man in the Tower**, by Hugh Chichester (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.), have reached us. The first is concerned with foreign affairs, General Franco, Arab rebels in Palestine and naval cadets: the other full of C.I.D. work and blackmail at home. As there is plenty of hidden treasure and no "love," both books should appeal to boys of all ages. Mr. Duff, in *Half-Deck of the Bradstock*, has the advantage in that he supplies many most interesting details about Palestine and Arab life, as well as a good description of a battle on a ship. Mr. Chichester cannot introduce such thrills into his story because this works itself out in the English countryside, but he makes up for it by giving us a secret passage, an Alsatian and digging at night. Perhaps he is over generous with long words in very small mouths, his heroes speaking better English than their elders, but the story is good enough to cover up so small a defect. It is good to find Messrs. Burns and Oates sponsoring such books, and it is to be hoped that non-Catholic as well as Catholic families will read them, for they are good stories and are Catholic only in their universal appeal to children.

MISCELLANEOUS.

All success to Father Noel Gascoigne's small book entitled **Christ and Youth** (B.O. & W.: 1s.) in its ardent appeal to the young Christian. It should do much to make him realize the dignity and responsibility of his Christian calling. After this summons to youth the author proceeds to speak of several plans by which they may co-operate in Catholic Action. The book is brief, lucid and valuable.

In these times, when we are all agog with A.R.P., a tiny booklet entitled **First Aid to the Injured and Sick**, by J. F. Sutherland (Edinburgh, E. and S. Livingstone: 6d.), deserves the warmest welcome and the widest distribution. The famous Catholic writer, Dr. Halliday Sutherland, edits this *fortieth* edition of his father's booklet, first produced in 1887. It is not too much to say that the wee thing, which is only a fraction larger in area than the twelve halfpenny stamps needed to buy it, is a perfect marvel of ingenious compression. There is more in it than in many first aid books ten times its size. To give an example, a doctor of high qualifications, having read the section on "Electricity Accidents," said to this reviewer that, after all his expensive training, he had learned something new and valuable for sixpence. If only theologians,

philosophers and historians had the knack to say so much so well in so few words, we should all know a great deal more about theology, philosophy and history. One could wish that the Government would compel every menaced Briton, meaning all Britons, to disgorge sixpence on this perfect little aid to neighbourly charity.

We think G. K. Chesterton would have delighted in **A Personalist Manifesto**, by Emmanuel Mounier (Longmans: 7s. 6d.). The author is the leader of a movement, growing in France, and to be found in other countries, which wishes to be rid of the tyranny of all ideologies, whether left or right, and to found all future development on the full recognition of the individual person, his liberty and rights, his duty to the community, and the rights and limitations of the community in his regard. The book studies the results of the many ideologies upon the individual person, and describes the means by which the true conception of personality, as an effective weapon, may be developed. It is almost Utopian in the ideal which it sets before the "personalist" as within his reach, if he will only act with courage.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

M. Goyau, in his **Le Christ chez les Papous**, published by Beauchesne, increases our debt to him by an admirably executed history of the Catholic mission in Papua. Letting us see how Providence made access to New Guinea difficult, and then used unusual people, of whom the ex-pirate, Yankee Ned, is perhaps the most intriguing, to help to bring the Faith to Papua, he follows the thrilling story of the mission's development up to the present day.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

The vast extent, the widespread energies, the admirable equipment of the Church in France may readily be gathered from the great **Annuaire Général Catholique**, complete to July, 1938, edited by M. P. Lethielleux, a volume which runs to over 2,000 pages even without the "table générale des paroisses" which is included only in the leather-bound edition (Lethielleux et Ané: 160.00 fr., post free). The book which challenges comparison with our Catholic Directory makes us feel how small a community we are. On the other hand, the information given in the French volume is much more exhaustive, including in the notice of each parish, all the educational establishments, religious communities, conferences, hospitals, sodalities, Catholic Action groups, etc., which flourish there, with details about fees and conditions of membership in great abundance. A guide for the intelligent use of the book is, happily, provided, otherwise the view of the trees would be lost in the wood. One is glad to note how lavish is the supply of *écoles libres* both for boys and girls, as it illustrates the recent complaint of a noted "laicist" that the Church in France is securing once more her old place in education.

Irish Jesuit Directory and Year Book, published by the Irish Messenger Office, is excellent value for its modest price of one shilling. A calendar of the Church's year is given in detail with appropriate quotations selected for every day. In addition to the information concerning the houses and activity of the Society in Ireland there are comprehensive articles dealing with the Society in war-harried Spain and in the Irish mission at Hong Kong, as well as a scholarly study of the latest Jesuit Saint, Andrew Bobola. A most useful purchase for English as well as Irish readers.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Mass and the Interior Life (B.O. & W.: 1s.), translated from the French by Dom Matthew Dillon, presents in small compass some useful and stimulating thoughts connecting the sacrifice of the Mass and Holy Communion with the development of the interior life. A neat little booklet which can be heartily recommended.

They go to Mass, by Frances Delehanty (Longmans: 5s.), attempts to interpret the Mass for children. It makes use of a script, the "s-es" of which might well puzzle any child, and of drawings that are not wholly successful. In addition the price is rather high.

Nos. 9 and 10 of *A Series of "Lives" for Children* (B.O. & W.: 1s. each) contain a short account of **Little Saint Agnes**, by Helen Walker Homan, with pleasant illustrations, and a much-condensed life of **Saint Paul**, by Wilkinson Sherren. The latter has some "cute" headings at the top of the various incidents. Both are useful books for the young, though Miss Homan's style appears to suppose a younger reader than does Mr. Sherren.

From the Catholic Social Guild at Oxford comes an excellent booklet by Father Lewis Watt, S.J., entitled **The State** (3d.). It gives in succinct and yet effective paragraphs the various liberal and totalitarian conceptions of the State, and concludes with a summary of Christian opinion on this important matter. It would provide an admirable handbook for a study group and is indeed a work of reference "in parvo."

Social Work in the New Spain is a pamphlet of the Spanish Press Services (3d.), and treats of various aspects of the social reconstruction which has been planned in Nationalist territory. It might be used to dispel one prejudice which prevails in this country namely, that the Nationalist administration is reactionary and has no real care for the working man.

Two short reprints from *La Vie Intellectuelle*, published by the Éditions du Cerf, Juvisy, contain, in compact summary, the conclusions reached by a group of theologians on two of the most vexed of modern questions. Their nature is indicated sufficiently in the titles given to the reprints: **Le Problème de l'Expansion** and **Le Problème des rapports de l'Individu et de la Société**.

From the Catholic Truth Society (2d. each) come the following: **Poetry of the Nativity**, Part II, a most timely selection of forty Christmas poems, hymns and carols; **Lesson Leaflets** (Junior Series, Part VI), containing six lessons for the young presented by our Lady's Catechists; **Before the Threshold**, by Father L. Boase, S.J., with some well-expressed thoughts on the development of the inward life; **The Prayer of St. Teresa**, in two booklets, by Father Vernon Johnson, a study of the spiritual life of the Saint of Lisieux.

The two latest issues of **The Catholic Mind** (November, 22nd, and December 8th) contain the usual valuable reprints: of the pastoral letters of the Austrian and Bavarian Bishops, for example, as well as of articles on Soviet influence and propaganda in Spain.

The attractive missionary annual issued by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary (Claverton St.) and noticed in our last number (p. 575) should have been entitled **Franciscan Missionaries of Mary in Many Lands**, not in "Maryland."

EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted. As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

ANDREAS BLOT, Paris.

Elementa Philosophia. Tomes I and II. By F.-X. Maquart. Pp. 346; 485.

BEAUCHESNE, Paris.

Dictionnaire de Spiritualité. Edited by Marcel Villar, S.J. Fasc. viii. Cas-sien-Chappuis. *Le Christ chez les Papous*. By Georges Goyau. Pp. 152. *Fénelon et la Mystique du Pur Amour*. By Dr. Gabriel Joppin. Pp. 304. *Une Querelle autour de l'Amour Pur*. By Dr. Gabriel Joppin. Pp. 132. *Jeanne d'Arc*. By General S. Visconti-Prasca. Pp. 234.

BONNE PRESSE, Paris.

Almanach du Pèlerin, 1939. Illustrated. Pp. 138. Price, 3.00 fr. *Saint Jean Bosco*. By David Lathoud, A.A. Pp. 208. Price, 10.00 fr.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD., London.

Mass and Interior Life. By Dom. I. Ryelandt. Pp. 58. Price, 1s. *The Lives of the Saints*. Vol. XII. By Alban Butler. Edited by Herbert Thurston and Donald Attwater. Pp. xiv, 355. Price, 7s. 6d. *A Dictionary of Saints*. By Donald Attwater. Pp. vii, 320. Price, 9s.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD, Oxford.

The State. By Lewis Watt, S.J. Pp. 46. Price, 3d.

COLDWELL, London.

Catholic Literary France. By Sister Jerome Keeler, O.S.B. Pp. xiii, 268. Price, 11s. *Our Knowledge of Mary*. By the Rev. W. J. Chaminade. Translated by Rev. L. A. Tragesser, S.M.

- Pp. x, 108. Price, 3s. *The Training of the Will.* By Johann Lindworsky, S.J. Revised edition. Pp. 173. Price, 8s. 6d.
- EDITIONS DU CERF, Juvisy.
Le Problème des Rapports de l'Individuel et de la Société. Pp. 18. *Le Problème de l'Expansion.* Pp. 24. By the Theologians of Fribourg.
- EDITIONS DU CERF, Paris.
De la communauté populaire. By Jacques Leclercq. Pp. 97.
- EDITIONS SPES, Paris.
La Vierge dans notre vie. By Raphaël Sineux. Pp. 237. Price, 15.00 fr. 1912. By Jean D'Eudeville. Pp. 192. Price, 12.00 fr. *Belsunce et la Peste de Marseille.* By A. Praviel. Pp. 254. Price, 12.00 fr. *Séminaire ou Noviciat?* By Joseph de Guibert, S.J. Pp. 186. Price, 12.00 fr. *La Doctrine Sociale de l'Eglise et la Science Economique.* By Charles Bodin. Pp. 123. Price, 7.50 fr. *Lettres à Jean-Pierre.* By Victor Dillard. Pp. 188. Price, 15.00 fr.
- ESCUELAS GRAFICAS SALESIANAS, Bogota.
La Cultura popular griega a través de la lengua castellana. By Rev. P. Felix Restrepo, S.J. Pp. 242.
- GILL & SON, Dublin.
The Queen of Ireland. By Mrs. Thomas Concannon. Pp. xxi, 368. Price, 12s. 6d.
- GRASSET, Paris.
Après la Journée. By Wilfred Monod. Pp. 387. Price, 24.00 fr.
- HARRIGAN PRESS, INC., Worcester, U.S.A.
The Validity of Virginal Marriage. By John C. Ford, S.J. Pp. ix, 139.
- HERDER, Freiburg.
Seele und Geist. By Alexander Willwoll, S.J. Pp. viii, 258. Price, 5.60 rm.
- HERDER, London.
What is Communism? By Rev. E. Delaye, S.J. Translated by Bernard F. Schumacher. Pp. 191. Price, 8s. 6d. *Conferences for Religious Communities.* Second Series. By Albert Muntzsch, S.J. Pp. x, 161. Price, 7s. *The Doctrine of Spiritual Perfection.* By Rev. Anselm Stolz, O.S.B. Pp. v, 250. Price, 10s. *Social Ideals of St. Francis.* By Father James, O.F.M. Pp. 128. Price, 7s. 6d. *Religious Instruction and Education.* By Rev. Rudolph G. Bandas. Pp. viii, 263. Price, 10s. 6d.
- HODGE & Co., London.
Towards Freedom. By Sir Alexander MacEwen. Pp. ix, 244. Price, 5s. n.
- KENEDY & SONS, New York.
Staircase to a Star. By Paul Busard. Pp. 128. Price, \$1.50.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.
Aux Jeunes Filles d'aujourd'hui. By Jules Renault. Pp. 80. Price, 8.00 fr. *Responsabilités Maçonniques.* By Prince Colonna de Stigliano. Pp. 200. Price, 18.00 fr. *Annuaire Général Catholique.* Edited by P. Lethielleux. Pp. 2,050. Price, 150.00 fr. *Père Petit, S.J.* By Henri Davignon. Pp. 208. Price, 15.00 fr.
- LIVINGSTONE, Edinburgh.
"First Aid" to the Injured and Sick. By J. F. Sutherland. Pp. iv, 62. Price, 6d. n.
- LONGMANS, London.
The Voice of the Church in China. By various authors. Pp. xxv, 120. Price, 3s. 6d. n.
- MARIETTI, Turin.
Acta Pont. Academiae Romanae S. Thomae. Pp. 184. Price, 10.00 l. *Manuale Juris Regularium.* By P. M. C. A. Coronata, O.M.C. Pp. 278. Price, 18.00 l. *Caeremoniale Justa Ritum Romanum.* By Rev. A. Roretii. Pp. xx, 640. Price, 40.00 l.
- PALADIN PRESS, London.
Communism and Christians. By various authors. Translated by J. F. Scanlan. Pp. 293. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
- PRESERVATION OF THE FAITH PRESS, Silver Spring, Maryland.
From Union Square to Rome. By Dorothy Day. Pp. 173. Price, \$1.50.
- SANDS & Co., London.
Autumn's Peace. By Avis M. Hove. Pp. 243. Price, 6s. n.
- SHEED & WARD, London.
Life and People in National Spain. By Florence Farmborough. Pp. viii, 224. Price, 2s. 6d.
- TÉQUI, Paris.
Les Lectures des Jeunes. By Chanoine Henri Pradel. Pp. xvi, 211. Price, 12.00 fr. *Alfred Soussia.* By Lucien Bézuiller. Pp. 176. Price, 10.00 fr. *Histoires pour l'Explication du Catéchisme.* By Mgr. Millot. Pp. 257. Price, 12.00 fr.
- UNIV. GREG., Rome.
La Universidad de Paris. 1507—1522. By Ricardo G. Villoslada, S.J. Pp. xxvi, 468. *De Justitia, Aristotle's Ethics.* Book V. Edited by S. Maurus, S.J. Pp. 95. Price, 8.00 l.

